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RELIGION AND SCIENCE

CANON BARNES, who is not only a dignitary of the Church, but also a Fellow of the Royal Society, has declared that the Christian dogma of the Fall of Man must be abandoned, because Science will have none of it. Instead of an immediate outburst of theological controversy, with the bishops and the men of science raging furiously together like the heathen, there has been a perceptible silence. The only defender of the dogma who has conspicuously attempted to break the calm is the General of the Salvation Army. He produces much the same impression as Mr. Bottomley when he comes forward as the champion of the British Constitution.

Had Canon Barnes spoken fifty, or even thirty years ago, the fires would have been blazing with a vengeance. Memories of the heroic combat between Huxley and Wilberforce, more recent recollections of the tumult caused by "Robert Elsmere," rise up to set us wondering at the change that has overtaken the intellectual world in the last half-century. Has it produced a race of spiritual Gallios, who care for none of these things? Or, having ceased to care about these, do they care, with an equal intensity of passion, about other things? Or is the obvious conclusion from the silence mistaken? Is it that those who care, and those who have ceased to care, have long since gone their separate ways? Have they realized that no tumult in the market-place, no public victory of argument, will convince to other side?

It needs more assurance than courage to accept a single solution. That the difference is there, we feel

immediately; but to conclude that Christianity is a dying faith outruns the evidence alike of fact and feeling. It is said that the war has dealt a heavy blow to Christianity, and that men who have suffered at or in the war "have no use for God." But we think that the Christianity which has gone down is that which is called official Christianity. The religious sense has been, as it were, driven underground, because to most men the outward apparatus of the Church seemed only a machinery of apologia for the actions of the State. And though it is true that dogma is not really a part of the outward apparatus, but an essential symbolic expression of the inward verities of the religious mind, it is, nevertheless, to a modern man that part of religion which he worries least over.

In other words, the signs may be interpreted as showing that the appearance of indifference to religious issues conceals a conviction among religious minds that men must rend their hearts and not their garments. The war has brought with it a recognition that the essential humanities of the Sermon on the Mount are the most precious possession of Christianity, and the most in danger of perishing. When these are in jeopardy there is no time to waste one's strength in theological battles in which victory or defeat can never enforce conviction. If this account be true, then there is room for belief that the two protagonists of fifty years ago, Science and Religion, have realized that instead of fighting each other, they have each enough to do to live up to their own ideal. If bishops made a sorry show in the war, men of science looked hardly better, for both alike forgot that it is their privilege to be the guardians of a truth that is universal.

THE BOAR

(Cic. In Verr. V. 7-8.)

THERE was a sudden hush of tongues; and all eyes turned door-ward, where appeared—tusks white and back a-bristle to the very life—a colossal boar. Four slaves tottered forward under the bulk of him, and set down the monster amid the approving chorus of the guests. "Ecbatano, what a gape!" quoted the prætor's tame actor; while his tame rhetorician ransacked mythology from the sow of Crommyon to the Calydonian boar to do justice to the occasion, wrinkling a many-dewlapped satisfaction, as he prosed. Even the prætor's eyes stared a trifle less stonily under his jutting brows, and his mouth unstiffened a little above his jutting chin. Romanly hard, not more than Romanly inhuman, more shrewd than intelligent and more tenacious still, he had acquired his veneer of modern vices without losing the vigour of his antique ancestors. He turned on his elbow to his host: "Where did you raise your portent, Sophron?" "Sir," replied the Greek, "my brother sends him. He comes from the beech-wood there." And he pointed through the door to a dark patch on the distant hill: behind, the flush of evening lay on the crest and the wind-curved smoke of Etna. "My brother knew of your coming: and the beast himself, like a loyal Sicilian, put himself in the way of my brother's shepherd, two nights ago."

Flutes sounded: a small and rotund Syrian came pirouetting in, waving a great carver, and set to work: Domitius, relapsing into ennui, gazed moodily at man and beast: something caught his eye: he glanced sharply through lowered lids and grew thoughtful. Behind the creature's left shoulder was a straight cut a finger long.

Talk rambled, the deep bass of the two young nobles of his staff mingling with the shrill voices of the Siceliot. Volturcius, late of Marius' command and full of the Teuton slaughter of Aquæ Sextiæ, rolled out war experiences to the gaping Greeks: they in turn harked back to the recent Slave War here in Sicily, quenched after four years of war in the blood of 100,000 slaves. But that was two years old: to-day the province lay stunned and pacified once more under the iron peace of Rome. And yet, one never knew, mused Domitius: one had always the wolf by the ears. Well, it would not be Domitius who let go.

The wine passed: the young Romans roared camp-ditties: the Greeks grew maudlin: and the snow turned slowly ashen on the far cone of Etna. Domitius yawned and rose: "I will see your brother's shepherd to-morrow, Sophron. Have him sent."

The early sun threw long splendours down the hall: across them danced, ghostlike, the shadows of the leaves. In an ivory chair sat Domitius: in front, straight and brown, a shepherd lad—slave-born, but shy and wild with watching noon and midnight in the long stillness of the hills. One leg was bound, where the tusk had grazed it: he leaned on his staff, half-proud, half-timid. The great Roman had seen his quarry: had sent for the slayer: something

must surely come of it: had not that small rogue Megallis bespoken her share of any gift as the price of a kiss that very dawn?

"You killed the boar?" He nodded, shyly-flushed. "How?" "Sir, with my hunting-spear." A sudden hush of astonishment fell on the room: for the prætor's face had set. The mouth was straight with Roman ruthlessness: the penetrating eye measured the lad, not unpitily. "You should know the edict: it's two years old and more—since the Slave War: no slave to possess arms on pain of death." He turned to the tall centurion behind: "Turpilius, you know what's needed. Have it done."

The boy went white and swayed: in a flash the world was grown utterly sinister: the mask of things was fallen: the very sunlight leered: he knew suddenly he had never known till now Life and Death—what they mean: he knew Death now—in that wild clairvoyance of the doomed—a thing loathsome, intolerable, incredible, and sure. He saw their fish-like watching eyes, fascinated, for, it seemed to him, an eternity, to them a moment. Then in the whirling void he glimpsed himself, the watched; and with that sight of self, clutched straw-like at his pride, the sole thing left. He stiffened, turned and was led out: the prætor nodded his veteran to him. "A plucky boy. They can cut his throat before the cross, Turpilius."

The actor turned to the rhetorician: "He went cleanly off the stage." The other cleared his throat sententiously: "Ay, so our good masters lay their foundations of Empire, with bricks of human clay, and knit the same with the mortar of mortality." Domitius rose and, weary Sphinx, pushed past them to the door.

The same evening another cross rose, like a giant skeleton, beside the new Roman road that ran due East, towards the smoke-cloud resting lightly above the eternal flame of Etna.

F. L. LUCAS.

A NOTE ON A FRIEND'S CONVERSATION

Yes, frail—

Frail and so delicate I'd never dare to touch her . . .

And do I dare, my friend?

And shall I ever dare to touch with earthly finger

The intricate perilous gossamer of beauty

Wherewith my path is dappled, though it linger

Before me to the end?

So frail—

I dare not hold you by the arm, though softly,
My friend, for I am wise.

You would not understand; my frozen gesture

Would frown upon the timid inclination

That showed itself in such a garish vesture

To faintly questioning eyes.

Too frail—

Ah, never too frail to him who has seen the rainbow,
Poised over life, my friend,

Arched high athwart the tremulous exhalations,

Desires and pain, happiness, fears and sorrow,

Tumult and whispers, choices and hesitations—

Life that shall have no end.

HENRY KING.

REVIEWS

"TAKING TO LITERATURE"

PUBLIC SCHOOL VERSE: 1919-1920. An Anthology, with an Introduction by John Masefield. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. MASEFIELD, generous champion of youth, has contributed to this selection of verse written by public-school boys during the last year a stirring introduction vindicating the place of the arts in human life, and challenging in advance the objections of conservative schoolmasters to this annual anthology. He looks forward triumphantly to the time when the sympathetic headmaster "will have his reward in finding his boys as proud of seeing their school represented by a poem in a book as they have been in the past of having a blue in a team."

That is splendid. It seems to us wholly admirable that schoolboys should be encouraged to write English verse. To attempt to create literature is one sure way of learning to appreciate it; and an appreciation of English literature is about the last possession a boy ever takes away with him from school. Encouragement, even the systematization of that encouragement which the publication of an annual anthology involves, is, in principle, excellent. And yet a faint tinge of misgiving clouds our satisfaction. Objectors have said (Mr. Masefield tells us) that "boys whose work is printed in these collections will have their heads turned with vanity. They will cease to work for the professions designed for them. They will 'take to literature.'" And to this Mr. Masefield replies:

The heads of boys are less easily "turned with vanity" than those of young men. Even the poetical boy has many outlets for his energy besides his poetry. Poetry is not his life, but another enjoyment added to his life, as it ought to be... As to "ceasing to work" for professions, surely the mind will always work best at the subjects best suited to it. As to "taking to literature," I've no doubt some of them will. Some people do, in all generations, thank God!

Now, this strikes us as a little too confident, and, since Mr. Masefield's words carry with them some authority, we pause to examine them. We may not possess the authority of Mr. Masefield, but we are probably nearer by a decade or so to the schoolboy age than he; what we lack in authority is made up by our knowledge of the facts. When we are told that schoolboys are less liable to have their heads turned than young men, we are impelled to reply that most schoolboys who take seriously to writing verse are young men. The sixth-form boy is liable to precisely the same amount of head-turning as the freshman. To presume immunity is a mistake.

The question is whether the publication of a sixth-form boy's verses in an anthology is likely to turn his head or not. That depends on the editors, and in the case of this anthology, which is the first of its kind, and all that we have to go upon, we think that it would turn a boy's head. It contains two very potent sentences. The more dangerous runs thus:

Contributors are recommended to join the Incorporated Society of Authors of 1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.1; so that they may submit to the Society all proposals received by them for the publication of their poems.

This is, no doubt, very wise, and a necessary safeguard against the exploitation of the innocent. But what a heady potion for youth to swallow! It is so calm, so business-like, so matter-of-fact, and for that very reason infinitely more intoxicating. By a stroke of a magician's wand the boy becomes a full-blown professional author, sought after by publishers, a member of the great Trade Union. By all our vivid memories of our own literary frenzies at school this would, we swear, have been irresistible.

It is, indeed, a draught of pure alcohol. The second sentence, being different, was bound to be less potent;

but it runs the first pretty close. Mr. Masefield writes: "There are at least six poets represented here whose future work will be watched carefully by lovers of poetry." As lovers of poetry we must utter a faint cry of personal protest before we proceed with our more priest-like task. The lovers of poetry are being overworked nowadays. The number of people we are required to watch carefully, the number of poems we are summoned to rejoice at, is too great. Six more in one fell swoop! No, Mr. Masefield, it is too much! We have borne the heat and burden of the day; being human, we are inclined to jib at the single penny which, our past experience tells us, will be our only reward. Yet Mr. Masefield is probably right. We must be sacrificed on the altar of youth. Like Agamemnon's watchman, we will suffer the cramps and chills patiently. But why should Mr. Masefield offer us as a vicarious sacrifice? we plaintively inquire. It is we, after all, who are the critics. It is we who have to do the work he is making for us. And now, instead of helping us, instead of pointing out who are the six poets we need to watch carefully, and why, he sings a pæan to the arts and leaves us wondering. It was not kind.

Nor—to return to our labours—is this reticence really kind to the schoolboys. Any verse-writing schoolboy would have his head turned by Mr. Masefield saying to him, "Your future work will be carefully watched by every lover of poetry." Heavens above! Many a grown-up poet of thirty would have his head floating in the clouds for it; and many a publisher would pay hard cash to be able to put Mr. Masefield's dictum on his advertisement. But by his refusal to be particular Mr. Masefield has turned nineteen heads instead of six. Each one of the nineteen contributors to this anthology will cherish a conviction that he is one of the half-dozen—and with good reason, for in default of Mr. Masefield's *ipse dixit* it would tax the acutest critic to decide which were the six, and which the unlucky thirteen.

"Very well," says the enthusiast. "Nineteen heads are turned. Why not? They are turned to poetic achievement, to the noblest exercise of man's faculties." "But the owners of the nineteen heads may take to literature!" "What then? Have I not heard Mr. Masefield thanking God that they may?"

Now it is our turn to speak with authority, because our greater youth enables us to speak with greater knowledge of those hardships of the literary life which the successful author so easily forgets. The life of a man of letters is like all other lives nowadays, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Literature is a trade, which differs from all other trades at the present day in this, that the wages have not risen in proportion to the cost of living. In the trade of *belles-lettres* they have not risen at all. If those nineteen schoolboys have nineteen private incomes, and their pastors and masters are confident that private incomes will not be a thing of the past in England in ten years' time, well and good. If they have not—and we are probably right in assuming that most of them have not—then we say most seriously that the profession of literature is the very last that they should be encouraged to take to. Nothing will stop the boy who has a spark of the authentic fire within him. No matter what the obstacles, what the dissuasions, he will break through them somehow. He may have to live a very hard life, but he will have the continual compensation of his own conviction. But the boy who has merely a taste for writing verses, and a feeling that the literary life is an easy one, had far better become not only a doctor, a lawyer, or a parson—time-honoured trinity—but an electrician or a carpenter. The Authors' Society is the noblest of all trade unions, but it is also the one which can secure least to its members in the shape of wages. The war has changed many things; but it has changed most, and most certainly for the worse, the economic

position of the conscientious author who depends upon his writing for a livelihood.

Poetry may be popular nowadays; but it is not a thing to live by. And precisely because the life of the man of letters is more precarious now than it has been for a century, we think that the editors of this anthology should have been trebly careful to omit anything which might, to the easily kindled brain of youth, be an incitement to "take to literature." If there were clear evidence that anyone of these nineteen poets had the perdurable element in him, even he should not be, directly or indirectly, encouraged to enter the profession of letters. The hard case, simply because he is a hard case, cannot be turned aside. But in no single one of the poems in this volume can we find the touch of the predestined poet. They are interesting; but they are interesting *en bloc*, as showing, for instance, that the modern literary schoolboy has a strong dash of pessimism, which we hope is factitious. They reveal, also, a pretension to a much more varied and hectic experience than was customary among schoolboy poets of fifteen years ago. But beyond these mere constataions we will not venture.

Even if we possessed Mr. Masefield's optimistic eye, our lips would, like his, be sealed, for the same reasons as his, and for another. There is at the present time too much schoolboy literature. The time for youth to have its day in letters is when it begins to verge on middle-age.

J. M. M.

THE EARLY PAPACY. By Adrian Fortescue. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 2s. 6d. net.)—Dr. Fortescue's book was written, he tells us, "in answer to a challenge to prove the Papal claims by the documents of the early Church, not later than the Synod of Chalcedon in 451." It seems curious that Dr. Fortescue should need to occupy no fewer than 26 out of the 62 pages of his work in preparing the ground for his historical proofs by *a priori* considerations, and we have seldom heard a more surprising argument in a work of this kind than his thesis that it is not so much his business to prove that the early Church believed in the Papacy as his adversary's to prove that it did not. Dr. Fortescue's desire to be fair is evidenced by his frank insertion of footnotes stating views opposed to his own, but we feel that his method of collecting from all sources miscellaneous tributes to the authority of the Roman See, with no serious effort to read them in their literary context or historical setting, tends on the whole to obscure the subject. There can, we suppose, be no objection to his taking Gelasius of Cyzicus as his authority for the Council of Nicæa, if he really thinks it safe to do so; but his references on page 31, where he treats of this topic, are, through a slip of the pen or an oversight in proof-reading, so badly confounded that a watchful opponent might make fine capital out of them. We greatly prefer Turmel as a guide to these centuries.

The season of war literature proper, it would seem, is over for the present; and now there are signs that guide-books to the battlefields are upon us. There must be many whose personal views of the war depend on the actual places where they served, and whose only adequate war-book would be a return to those places. For most this is impossible; and the sole alternative is a well-illustrated impersonal itinerary of the line. In Vol. I. of the "Michelin Guide to the Somme," (Black's Advertising Agency, 51, New Oxford Street, W., 4s. net), we have something of the sort. Personally we were astonished at the Panorama of the Ancre and views of Thiepval, which awoke a multitude of memories. *Cuique suum*. The failings in this Guide are the meagre maps, which give no notion of the trench systems; the absence of pre-war photographs of lost villages and scenery (was not this "the Garden of Eden"?); and such inexactitudes as "Shiff Trench" (Stuff Tr.), "the Albert-Arras Railway" (Albert-Bapaume), and the traditional slurring of as the great battle of September 3, 1916.

BOTANIST AND ANTIQUARY

THE MUSIC OF WILD FLOWERS. By John Vaughan. (Elkin Mathews. 8s. 6d. net.)

SOCRATES, when Phædrus complains that he does not go outside the city walls, replies, "Trees and fields will not teach me anything, but men in the city can." City men of to-day, ignorant that they owe their rubber boom to Kew Gardens, join with the writer of fiction in regarding the botanist as a mild sort of fool, peering about for weeds, and good for nothing else. Apart from his practical work for the world at large, the botanist has frequently been distinguished in other walks of life, as Canon Vaughan shows. He may be a banker, a politician, or a poet, or an invalid enraptured by the means of his open-air cure. But the specialist, it is urged, lost in his zeal for technique and the polysyllables that go with it, does not see the beauty revealed to the common man:

A primrose by a river's brim
A Dicotyledon is to him,
And it is nothing more.

That depressing view is not supported by our experience. Botanists appreciate the beauty of the primrose as much as anybody. But perhaps it is as well that they should not be so keen on its peculiarities of form as to forget what the poets have said about it.

The hunt for rare things, long sought or found through some happy chance, leads to pleasant paths, particularly for those who "study to be quiet." And places have their own special flowers. There is a rare *Senecio* at Oxford, as well as the snapdragon Newman remembered at Trinity; the pink flourishes at Beaulieu as gaily as on the slopes of Titlis in Switzerland; and the old walls of Winchester are a garden of floral notables, as Canon Vaughan shows. Living in a charming city, and learned in all country flowers, he might satisfy both Socrates and Phædrus. The Deadly Nightshade which has invaded the Dean's quarters may fairly be called uncommon anywhere in England, but we cannot consider the Grass of Parnassus "very rare," having seen it many times. The Rest-harrow we knew for many years in an agricultural district was always spineless. The fact is that local differences are odd and extensive, and that generalizations are insecure. The argument *a silentio* in written records is useful, but not always convincing. Why did Shakespeare never mention the Water-lily? His "long purples," once long debated in these columns, are pretty certainly from the context not Loosestrife, though that flower is, we think, Tennyson's "long purples" combined with "bramble roses" in "A Dirge." What did Shakespeare and Dickens ("Old Curiosity Shop," chap. xxv.) mean when they put the woodbine and the honeysuckle together? Does local dialect save both or either from saying the same thing twice? Dickens did not know much about plants—twice he makes small boys weed gardens in the depth of winter—but Shakespeare had good rural lore behind him. His rosemary for remembrance, for instance, was not a mere sentimental fancy, for in his day oil of rosemary was, like Mr. Pelman, warranted to strengthen the memory. Canon Vaughan shows how amazingly plants can spread, and his pages suggest to us many queries. How did a block of demolished masonry in Kingsway sping into a garden of Rose-bay Willow-herb? Where and when did foreign species, like the brilliant *Mimulus* now brightening many a river-bank, first appear? Our own investigations make this flower comparatively modern in England.

We hope that the author will plant many more of his charming papers in the desert of politics and sociology. And when he comes to reprint them, he might give us an index to the flowers, if not to other details.

V. R.

ANNALS OF SOUTH AFRICA

HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA, 1873-1884. By G. M. Theal, Litt.D.
2 vols. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net each.)

DR. THEAL'S history of South Africa in many volumes is well known. It had already accumulated some nine or ten volumes dealing with the events before 1873. The two volumes now published cover the twelve years 1873-1884. In the earlier period he had the field practically to himself until the appearance of Mr. Cory's "The Rise of South Africa," but he is here beginning to enter well-trodden ground and his work must undergo the ordeal of comparison with that of other historians. In these two volumes, for instance, he is dealing with the British treatment of Zululand and Bechuanaland, the curious story of Stellaland, the history of the Transvaal between its annexation and the Convention of London—events which are also covered by Dr. Leyds' two volumes on the subject. A comparison immediately reveals the defects of Dr. Theal. Many people believe that the first duty of an historian is to be impartial, but that is a delusion; the first duty of a historian is to be a historian. Unfortunately the late Dr. Theal, though he wrote a history in eleven volumes, was no historian. He was an annalist, which is something entirely different. "On January 10, 1884," he tells us, "there was an explosion of thirty-three tons of dynamite and a large quantity of gunpowder at Kimberley. This was sufficient to have destroyed the town if the locality of the explosion had been slightly different, but, fortunately, surprisingly little damage was done by it." No mention is made by Dr. Leyds of this explosion, which did not damage Kimberley, but in the pages of Dr. Theal it seems to have an almost equal importance with the battle at Majuba or the Convention of London. All through his work matters of high politics are sandwiched between items of information such as are found in small print in the Littlehampton local paper, and when reading about events which made and destroyed empires, we always expect to turn the next page and learn that at X on the evening of Sunday, March 1, 1881, a calf was born with two heads and six legs. To our disappointment Dr. Theal never actually mentions the six-legged calf, but he comes perilously near it. On the other hand, you cannot possibly think of the six-legged calf in connection with Dr. Leyds: you can only think of high politics, the morals of imperialism, and the meaning of civilization.

The difference throws an interesting light upon the relative value of impartiality in history. Dr. Leyds is certainly not an impartial historian. He was himself a prominent actor in the struggle between Boer and Briton, and his books have the very definite purpose of showing that the Boer was right and the Briton most damnably wrong. On the other hand, Dr. Theal is really impartial; whether he is telling the story of the subjection of the Bantu by the European, or of the struggle between the Transvaal and the British Empire, or of the flood which completely destroyed some gardens in the village of Heidelberg in December, 1875, he records, baldly and at considerable length, every fact, large or small, which he has been able to gather. The effect is curious. You may disagree absolutely with the view of Dr. Leyds and the object of his books, but you must at least admit that he gives you the material for understanding the significance of the events dealt with by him. You look back, and in the light of history Majuba and the dynamite, economic imperialism and the flooded gardens of Heidelberg, fall into their proper places and assume their right proportions in the sight of God. But Dr. Theal looks at history with the eye not of God, but of the editor of a local paper, and his reader is left with no understanding of the great tides which swept white and black humanity this way and that

in South Africa, but with a confused vision of a welter of unmeaning facts.

The truth is that impartiality in a historian is not of very great importance, provided that he has two qualities. First, he must be honestly partial; if he has a bias and an object, he must put them with all the cards upon the table. Secondly, his bias must be a large and a wide one; it must in fact itself be historical. He must have a vision of the deep, underlying psychological causes which deflected history in one direction rather than another. If he has this and is honest enough to give the main facts, it does not matter very much whether he seeks to twist those facts to serve his theory. He opens a window on the past through which an intelligent reader may, if he will take the trouble, see something more than gesticulating statesmen, perpetual war, and the birth of deformed calves. That is where the annalist, like Dr. Theal, fails. Here are two volumes which cover the period when the policy of economic imperialism began to be consciously applied in South Africa. It brought destruction, expropriation, and enslavement to the native, and a bitter and bloody struggle to the two white races; it was the main force moulding South African history from 1873 to 1900. Yet Dr. Theal's book leaves us doubtful whether he was even aware of the existence of this force. And that is why his book is not history, but merely historical material.

THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY

THE FAMILY OF CORBET: ITS LIFE AND TIMES. By A. E. C.
2 vols. (St. Catherine Press. 84s. net.)

THE Corbets are one of the very few families in this country who can show an undoubted descent from the Norman Conquest; the present head of the family can trace his pedigree in an unbroken chain to the days of John, and with reasonable probability to the first Corbet from Normandy, who with his two sons attached himself to the fortunes of Roger de Montgomery. His sons became mesne lords under the Earl when he settled on the Welsh Marshes; the family spread, but remained inconspicuous. The rebellion of Robert de Belesme made them tenants in chief to the Crown, apparently holding by barony tenure, and in due course one of them was summoned to Parliament in 1295, and a peerage was created, according to some decisions. At any rate, one of his sons was also summoned, but his next heir was passed over, and the peerage, if peerage it was, failed. The heads of the family served as sheriffs and knights of the shire, were knighted, became baronets, when baronetcies were invented, and a few entered the law with moderate success. In brief, the Corbets are a typical and undistinguished English county family of the best kind.

It is quite obvious that the annals of such a family, expanded to the utmost length that ancestral piety could prompt, would not fill out two handsome quarto volumes of closely printed type, and A. E. C. has therefore given us in addition a sort of pre-digested account of those scenes in our history in which the Corbets may be supposed to have taken part. We have no desire to offer any criticism on these amiable readings of the story of the past, except to bestow our heartiest commendations on the author for putting in the margin of the page the authority for the statements made in the text, and, at reasonable intervals, the dates of the occurrences described. If more serious historians would adopt this meritorious practice, the task of the student would be much lightened. Intermingled with the story of graver events we come on little oases of interest, as when we learn that Edward I., our English Justinian, had another and almost as lasting a claim to our remembrance as the inventor of mint sauce.

The Corbets themselves were not free from the usual troubles of a country gentleman, disputes with the Church,

quarrels with their neighbours as to trespasses and hunting rights, lawsuits, family disputes; but they only emerge into public life in the great quarrel between Charles I. and the Squirearchy, when one of them protested against ship-money, and a cadet of the family, Miles Corbet, signed the king's death warrant. They seem to have been as determined to maintain their rights and as litigious as their Norman blood could make them, and when defeated in the Courts were still not beaten to their knees; witness the story of the dispute over the seat in their parish church, where a successful opponent found a dead footman buried unconfined under his pew.

Of the more purely technical side of this book it is a little difficult to speak. Members of the family who have sufficient leisure to make themselves thoroughly familiar with its pages will, no doubt, in time be able to find in it any reference they need. There is plenty of evidence that the author had some plan of arrangement in his mind when setting out his materials, but these soon swamped it altogether. The book has no index and only a perfunctory table of contents. The genealogical tables in the text are practically useless without references to the page on which they can be found. In short, the book is one to browse in, not to use as a work of reference, and the very large amount of information it contains is buried. It is evident that the preparation of material has extended over many years, and its handling belongs to the pre-scientific period, before the renewed study of mediæval law had taught us the exact meaning of the phrases used. In this respect our author does not inspire complete confidence, and when he holds a different opinion from Eyton, who is one of his chief authorities on the early history of the family, we confess to being reminded of the Quaker lady who, on being confronted with a passage of the New Testament contrary to her views, remarked, "There I differ from brother Paul." Later on, too, our author neglects the standard text-books without giving his evidence. He must, or ought to, be aware that no authority admits the succession of a 7th baronet of Stoke and Adderley, and surely in the genealogy the dates of Sir John Corbet must be wrong; Theophila was cousin, not sister, of Lord Mohun, and Jane granddaughter, not daughter, of Sir William Hooker. We might multiply little points like this, of no importance, it is true, except as showing the method. Moreover, the collector of early material seems to have overlooked the recent aids afforded by the calendars of close and patent rolls, etc., as well as the periodicals devoted to antiquarian research. Thus a few minutes' turning over of indexes would have led him to the discovery that the second Baron Corbet held the manor of Impney not of the fee of St. Denis, but of the family of Mortimer.

A great deal of care has been spent in the illustration of the book, and it is a pity that no one thought of reproducing the seal of Piers Corbet from the original or of illustrating the various crests and coats of the family from the heralds' visitations. Topographically, the book is illustrated by old views of places connected with the family history, and it is rich in reproductions of portraits and monuments from Tudor days to the present, a compendium of everything of which the members of the family can be justly proud. The printers have turned out a book unusually free from misprints, well designed, and handsomely printed, and with the exception of the fatal lack of an index, it is a perfect example of its kind. R. S.

THE name of Ludvig Holberg, founder of modern Norwegian and Danish literature, is by no means widely familiar in this country; and this is the more to be regretted as he was in some ways indebted to his English experiences. We have no hesitation in recommending a monograph on him by his distinguished countryman S. C. Hammer (Blackwell, 2s. net), simple in style and full of understanding.

THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE'S FIGHT WITH THE PIRATES AND THE PROBLEMS OF THE TRANSMISSION OF HIS TEXT. By A. W. Pollard. Second Edition. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

TO those who regard bibliography as a dull subject we most urgently recommend Mr. Pollard's fascinating little book. Even if it is a peculiarly favourable specimen—clues to the true text of Shakespeare are surely the biggest game that the bibliographer can hunt—it is still bibliography. Moreover, the results of Mr. Pollard's inquiry are such as must delight the heart of the mere lover and student of Shakespeare. They will serve to protect him against the vagaries of editors with their phalanx of variants; they set limits to the amount of textual knowledge he may be required to possess in order to assert his own critical powers; they tend to take Shakespeare out of the grip of the pedant and set him where he would himself desire to be, among those who trust him.

In a sense it would be true to say that Mr. Pollard's researches take us back to the point Malone had reached. But that is not a step backwards. Malone was not merely the last, but the only Shakespeare editor, who was wholly on the right track; to return to him, thrice armed with rational conviction, is to have made a long step forwards. Mr. Pollard has conclusively cleared the character of the "good" Quartos. They were not "stolne and surreptitious," but in all probability made from author's copies handed over to the printer by Shakespeare's company in order to turn an honest penny when for various reasons there was a slump in play-acting. The editors of the First Folio made use, in the case of the plays of which a "good" Quarto existed, either of the latest edition of the Quarto or of the Quarto copy used by the players. For the other plays, their claim that they had access to the original author's copy, from which they either printed for the first time or corrected the corrupt Quartos, is in all probability true.

Thus the foundation for the authentic text of Shakespeare is visibly laid. There are the "good" Quartos, regularly entered upon the Registers of the Stationers' Company, which take precedence of all texts; for the rest, there is the Folio. No other editions can claim any authority as compared with these. Moreover—and here Mr. Pollard accepts and amplifies a theory formulated by Mr. Percy Simpson—there is good reason to believe that the punctuation of these early editions was, broadly speaking, at least based upon Shakespeare's own, and that it was meant to mark, not the logical division of sentence and clause, but the pause in the actor's delivery:

"Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I have as lieve the towne cryer spoke my lines." So Hamlet exhorted the players who were to test his uncle's guilt, and so (the punctuation of the early Quartos suggests) he may often have exhorted the actors at the Globe.

We need not follow Mr. Pollard into the delicate piece of detective work by which the quartos of the "Merchant of Venice," printed by J. Roberts, 1600; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," printed by James Roberts, 1600; "King Lear," printed for Nathaniel Butter, 1608; and "Henry V.," printed by T. P., 1608, have been proved to have been printed in 1619. By this the mystery of the duplicate Quartos is cleared up, and a sham first edition of the "Merchant of Venice" removed. But the whole effect of Mr. Pollard's book is that of an immense clearing of the air, and a heightening of our anticipation of the new edition of Shakespeare in which Mr. Dover Wilson, Mr. Pollard's fellow-worker, is collaborating with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. M.

RHYMES AND POETRY

THE BETROTHAL OF VENUS; AND OTHER POEMS. By James Dryden Hosken. (Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.)
THE SONG OF LIFE; AND OTHER POEMS. By W. H. Davies. (Fifield. 5s. net.)

THE art of punning is not much practised by the younger generation, and with it has disappeared a sister art—the art of extempore comic versification. In a recent instalment of Mrs. Asquith's autobiography the public was permitted to read one of Lord Curzon's comic flights—an elaborate thing full of roguish mock-heroics and improbable rhymes. And in another chapter of the same book there was quoted, if we remember rightly, a specimen of Mr. Gladstone's drollery, consisting of a great number of lines all rhyming with Margot. One read these things with interest and with a melancholy sense that one was looking into the backward and abysm of time at something altogether irrecoverably remote. One can think of nobody in this generation who would ever feel called on to produce such *tours de force* of rhyming or to pour forth a stream of jocund anapaests. Something has departed out of the world, but what that something is it is hard indeed to say. These things were the products of the leisure hours of scholars and gentlemen, and it may be that that type, in many ways so admirable, is becoming extinct among us. We do not know, but, for whatever reason, this sort of elegant intellectual trifling is something that is rapidly vanishing.

It may be, too, that another cause of the decay of elegant rhyming is to be sought in the fact that rhyming and metrising have lost in the minds of the younger generation much of the magical quality which they once possessed. Magical—we use the word advisedly, for though men have given up burning witches and necromancers, the art practice of magic still survives. The god of language and the god of magic are one and the same Hermes. And the fact is of some significance; for what is magic, what has it ever been, but an effort to turn words into power? Speech is man's only complete, unconditioned and arbitrary invention, and he has always been inordinately proud of it, attributing to it, as fond parents will do to their first-born child, powers which it never did or could possess. From the beginning of time men have believed that some word exists, some "Open, Sesame!" whose utterance would roll back the walls of the cave in which we walk and let us out into a new day of illumination. Say the Paternoster backwards and the devil will appear. Pronounce the name of seven demons in due order and you will have power to walk invisible and run along the air. An oath uttered in anger has power to wound afresh the Saviour's body. There is no end to man's belief in the real efficacy of words. And the belief survives in a queer sort of way in minds that would reject all faith in devils and miracles as an absurdity. It survives under a different form, but none the less powerfully, in the mind of every poet and every lover of literature.

The poet's pursuit of the inevitable word or phrase, his search for strange and far-fetched words, his foible for resounding fustian, his superstitious love of chiming and rhyming—all these are akin to the magician's perpetual research for the revealing formula of power. Who of us has not felt after coining some particularly rotund phrase, after successfully employing a long, unusual, far-fetched word in the place of a poor ordinary little locution, worn as thin as an old penny, who has not felt a certain glow of satisfaction, as though he had actually done something—knocked a man down, or won the Battle of Waterloo, or crossed the Rubicon? For us, the latter-day believers in white magic, a perfect formula is the equivalent of an action. How many writers there are who have worked off their energy, not by going into business or fighting or

making something with their hands, but by coining magic phrases and stringing rhymes together! Browning could not always be eloping, but he brought romantic action into his bourgeois life by rhyming Ranunculus and Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle-us, by saying "Choice cates and the flagon's best spilth" when he meant good food and drink. Meredith's style is born of this same effort to act by using words. Skelton's verse is a magic formula from beginning to end. And one could mention a thousand others, writers of immortal lines and windy declaimers of fustian whose words are all abracadabras, the spoken equivalents of acts.

All this long digression leads us round at last to a hazardous speculation. It may be that, in this age of *vers libre*, the younger generation have lost their belief in the efficacy of rhyme and metre. The young, when they wish to achieve an act on the mental plane, do not instinctively turn to rhyme, as their fathers did. They have ceased to believe that chiming assonances are good in themselves; the virtue has departed from them. But for Mr. Hosken, as for Lord Curzon and Mr. Gladstone, the virtue of rhyme still remains intact. A Spenserian stanza is still a conjurer's formula; he is the most industrious, copious and whole-hearted rhymers we have met with for a long time. If we do not share his belief in the magical virtue of rhyme and metre in themselves, the fact is not due to Mr. Hosken, but to altered circumstances. The fact that "Reuben Quinion" is written in Spenserian stanzas in no way enhances its value in our eyes. The fluent ingenuity of the rhyming does not make up for the not very interesting subject. Mr. Hosken seems to have thought that the mere process of putting it into rhyme would give the rambling story an interest which it does not possess in itself. In his more serious productions Mr. Hosken places the same trust in mere rhyme. Rhyme with him replaces precision of diction:

Upon the margin of the murmuring main,
Within a fairy cove of rocks and sand
I lay and listened to the willow's strain
That rolled and died inland.

There is nothing here but a copiousness of rhyme. Mr. Hosken has pronounced his spells, but we are no more susceptible to the magic.

Mr. Davies does not deal in this sort of old-fashioned enchantment. His statements are always the directest possible. The beauty of his poetry is not the beauty of imposed ornamentation, but the beauty of simple lines and a graceful proportion:

Since I have seen a bird one day,
His head pecked more than half away,
That hopped about, with but one eye,
Ready to fight again and die—
Ofttimes since then their private lives
Have spoilt the joy their music gives.
So when I see this robin now,
Like a red apple on the bough,
And question why he sings so strong,
For love, or for the love of song . . .
Ah, now there comes this thought unkind,
Born of the knowledge in my mind:
He sings in triumph that last night
He killed his father in a fight;
And now he'll take his mother's blood—
The last strong rival for his food.

The poem which gives its name to the book is a Daviesian version of the "Vanity of Human Wishes." Mr. Davies has joined some fifty stanzas together and given them a name, but the poem is really a number of separate reflective lyrics in the style of the one we have already quoted. Perhaps the most interesting of these lyrics is that which begins at Stanza XIV.:

I hear men say, "This Davies has no depth,
He writes of birds, of staring cows and sheep,
And throws no light on deep eternal things—"

It ends with these two very fine stanzas :

Yet I believe that there will come at last
A mighty knowledge to our human lives:
And blessed then will be the fools that laugh,
Without the fear Imagination gives.

Aye, even now, when I sit here alone,
I feel the breath of that strange terror near;
But as my mind has not sufficient strength
To give it shape or form of any kind,
I turn to things I know and banish fear.

A. L. H.

LETTERS

VERENA IN THE MIDST. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.)

IT is a fearful thing to have to lie in bed. To be sent to bed, to be commanded to stay there—to gaze, from a little valley of humiliation, up, up to that ineffable brow that, wreathed with the mists of discretion and vacancy, bends over one. . . . To pipe: "When shall I be allowed to get up again?" and to be answered by: "We had rather postpone our answer for the present." These are moments which set the soul yearning to be taken suddenly, snatched out of the very heart of some fearful joy, and set before its Maker hatless, dishevelled and gay, with its spirit unbroken. For it is impossible to go condemned to bed in our grown-uppishness without recalling how favourite a remedy it was with our parents and nurses for a spirit that wanted breaking. There, naked between the sheets, prone when all the rest of the world is walking or leaping, conscious, to a hopeless degree, that it certainly isn't for you that the clocks chime, the cups rattle, the lamps are lighted and the door-bell rings, one wages many a fierce battle. But the infants who emerge triumphant are, depend upon it, bound to be attacked by larger nurses and more unyielding parents later on, who will send them back to bed for another tussle, as though it were never too late to break. . . .

The case of Aunt Verena, the heroine of "Verena in the Midst," is, however, not all tragic. True, the ingredients are there. She has had a fall upon the ice which has injured her spine, and she must lie still for an indefinite period. And we are told, on page 3, that she lives normally "a hundred minutes to the hour." Nevertheless, and in spite of two occasions when we are given to understand that her courage failed her completely, her condition is not all tragic, because her spirit is not entirely unbroken. It is, in the most accommodating fashion for her family and friends, charmingly bent. Riches, leisure, freedom from all responsibilities have not smothered her, and, on the other hand, an affair of the heart with an artist has prevented her from losing touch with the young and foolish. She is, therefore, sustained and fortified by friends and relations from the very moment her head touches the pillow. In giving us the pick of her postbag Mr. Lucas has chosen those letters which, read together, fit into one another and form a brightly patterned little story. We are reminded of a pleasant chintz—not too modern, and yet gay—the groundwork, a soft mignonette green, being Aunt Verena, the largest flower (which might be anything) being Mr. Richard Haven, a special splash of attractive colour for the ardent young nephew Roy, and a delicate little border for the nicely behaved amusing children. There are certain characters who are negligible or blurred; there is not one who changes when his part in the design recurs. With one letter from each of them you have the whole of them, and Aunt Verena remains, from first to last, tender and pale.

"Verena in the Midst" is not to be taken seriously. With the exception of the nephew Roy, who is quite amazingly made known to us, there has been, on the part of the author, no serious attempt at revelation. We never know the authentic thrill of reading a letter which is meant

for the inward ear; we doubt very much if Aunt Verena had one. Mr. Richard Haven's daily sentimental humours, each carrying a poem like a cut flower—poor flower—between its pages, bore us very heartily, and there is, over all, a kind of tameness, not to say a smugness, which lies heavy. But who shall fathom, who shall explain, the fascination of reading other people's letters? Aunt Verena, well and hearty, living her own life in precisely these same circumstances, would not have a leg to stand on. But when she is in bed, at the mercy of her postbag, we can sit beside her and await with a great deal more than resignation the glimpse of another letter from poor dear Louisa.

K. M.

AN IMAGINED JUDAS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JUDAS ISCARIOT. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE *Autobiography of Judas Iscariot* "is a strangely uneven, incalculable novel. The beginning, which tells of the childhood of Judas, is a series of violently seen, savagely felt incidents. There is his fight with the tiny boy who taunts him for being a bastard; then his capture by the robbers on the sea-coast, who try to drown him, his shivering childhood on the fringe of their camp, and his recapture by a rich Arab chieftain, travelling to Baghdad. Here, in the palace, he found favour in his lord's eyes and lived in the harem until he was sixteen, and then, in another fit of rage, he killed the old eunuch, Hormisdas, and fled to Joppa.

I looked upwards; the sky was black and ominous, and in a few seconds rain fell in immense drops. People on the quay scattered; there were left but a few beggars, clamouring for alms. Some were blind, some eaten away by leprosy; all were filthy. A man had been charming snakes; as his audience dispersed, he put the snakes and his reed into a silk bag, and went away cursing.

From the chapter which begins with these words the narrative changes. It is more sustained, and the style settles into—if we may use the expression—a weary stride. It is a kind of half-swinging, half-lop-lop gait, and it seems, somehow, to fit the restless, eager, doubting young Judas. The author makes us feel the tragedy of the man who is chosen for the crime, how he is, in spite of himself, for ever being prepared for his part, and half seeking to escape from it, and half lured on. What had his life been until he met with Jesus but a schooling in how to destroy, how to betray, how to sell himself? And those strange moments when he sees himself as a rival of Jesus—is not he too a wanderer, a sufferer infinitely weary, a man who would enter as a king into his own kingdom?—are very powerfully suggested. Judas is the dark mocking shadow of Jesus; the light maddens and exasperates him, and yet he cannot tear himself from it. The strongest bond of all, that of the saviour and the betrayer, binds them together.

The mistake Mr. Sheppard has made is in allowing our view of this tortured creature to be interrupted so often by giving us his account of the events in the life of Jesus. Here, again, we encounter the strange, flat dullness which seems to brood over these stories when they are retold, and, although the author's reason for introducing them is to show how Judas never could wholly accept their miraculous explanation, he buries his hero beneath them.

K. M.

MR. P. G. THOMAS'S "Introduction to the History of the English Language" (Sidgwick & Jackson, 5s. net) is a clear and compact manual of scientific philology written by one competent to give an authoritative account of the most recent developments of philological theory. Mr. Thomas deals with the problem of the origin of speech, the classification of languages, the causes and effects of sound-change, changes of meaning, and the development of grammar and syntax. A good bibliography and index add to the value of the book. By an oversight, Wyld's "History of Modern Colloquial English" is omitted from the list of authorities.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

SECRETS OF CREWE HOUSE: THE STORY OF A FAMOUS CAMPAIGN. By Sir Campbell Stuart, K.B.E. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)—Very few secrets are revealed to the world in this volume, for the reason that there are very few to reveal. Lord Northcliffe was, no doubt, an extremely efficient organizer of propaganda during the concluding months of war; but Sir Campbell Stuart unconsciously exaggerates the effect of propaganda during the period. The reader is almost induced to forget that the German armies suffered a shattering defeat in the field in July, 1918. And when the author brings forward the complaints made by Hindenburg in August, 1918, of the ravages of Northcliffe propaganda as evidence of results achieved by it, he somewhat naïvely forgets that the German army commanders deliberately ascribed their military defeats to this cause.

The most interesting document in the book is the memorandum prepared by Mr. H. G. Wells as Director of the German Section. It is a very able composition; but if, as we are assured, our propaganda in Germany was based upon it, there can be no doubt that the maxim of propaganda laid down by Lord Northcliffe himself—that you should not promise more than you intend to perform—was hopelessly violated. Considered as evidence of British good faith, this narrative makes uncomfortable reading. Lord Northcliffe as a director of propaganda and Lord Northcliffe as the director of great newspapers are evidently very different persons, with separate consciences and unrelated memories. Or it may be that they are after all the same person, one who is a prodigiously efficient instrument to which conscience and principle are supplied by different persons at different times. To decide this point, and for other reasons, we should like to hear from Mr. Wells why he resigned his position at Crewe House in July, 1918.

THE HEART OF O SONO SAN. By Elizabeth Cooper. (Harrap. 8s. 6d. net.)—Buddhist moralizing makes a pleasant change from Christian moralizing; besides being less familiar, it is less strenuous. Also, it has obvious decorative qualities. This study of the life of a Japanese girl is full of moralizing, and in addition, like the Chinese poems of the sixth century, it contains a liberal allowance of "flowers and moonlight." But that is not all. The authoress writes gracefully and well, filling in the background with interesting scraps of information about Japanese customs. *Bushido* for the boys, bashfulness and sobriety for the girls—that is the rule; and an excellent rule too, though it must take the stern integrity of a boy scout to put it all into practice. The photographs are very good, while among other things the book contains this delightful lullaby:

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Why are the honourable ears of the hare so honourable long?

'Tis because his mother ate the leaves of the loquat tree,

The leaves of the bamboo grass;

That is why his ears are so honourable long.

The Japanese word which is translated "honourable" apparently serves almost any use, and it is, perhaps, best rendered by a well-known English epithet.

DANTIS ALAGHERII EPISTOLÆ. An Emended Text, with Introduction, Translation, Notes, etc., by Paget Toynbee. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)—To Mr. Paget Toynbee's great erudition and conscientious scholarship we owe what must be counted the definitive edition of Dante's letters. We cannot believe that the Italian editors of the great commemorative edition will be able to supersede Mr. Toynbee's work in any important respect. As for the intrinsic literary value of the letters themselves, it is, perhaps, not so great as it is customary to believe.

They are—to put it crudely—the impassioned utterances of a fanatic, thrust into the narrow and highly artificial medium of Papal Latin. We grope, almost in vain, through the thick veil for the lineaments of the inscrutable man. A pride as of Lucifer gleams out of the famous sentence of the letter to Can Grande dedicating the "Paradiso" to him: "in hac donatione plus domino quam dono honoris et famæ potest conferri videri," and again out of the "quod si per nullam talem Florentia introit, nunquam Florentiam introibo," of the epistle "In literis vestris." But for the most part we feel that we are seeking a ghost, and seeking in vain.

OLD VILLAGE LIFE. By P. H. Ditchfield. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)—Mr. G. B. Burgin is about to publish his sixtieth novel. Statistics are not ready to hand, but we would back Mr. Ditchfield in his particular field as a very close rival to Mr. Burgin. "Old Village Life" is a fluent account of rustic conditions and archæological changes, beginning with palæolithic man engaged in chasing mammoths, and ending in "whist drives and other forms of rational amusement." Meanwhile much has happened; twenty-two Grim's Dykes, Stonehenge, haughty Rome, urn burial, ducking-stools, Farmer George and the great war are some of the landmarks in the survey. Village orchestras, rood-screens, and agricultural distress, to mention some of Mr. Ditchfield's themes, all come before us in a quiet and deferential fashion. Sometimes, it must be admitted, Mr. Ditchfield is too ingenuous, with his "The sixteenth century sun rose fair and smiling upon a happy England," "When the fourteenth century dawned," and "A new page is opened in our village history, a new scene is presented." Indeed, his volume generally comes under the head of Sunday reading, with nothing to disturb the soothing indolence of the warm afternoon, nothing to do but rustle pages or emulate the dog, cat and parrot and invite the drowsy influence until tea-time. Unfortunately for this idyll, Mr. Ditchfield's reader may have vigorous opinions on rural wage and housing conditions, and in that case, so far from soothing him, Mr. Ditchfield's furious "Too long have the various Governments neglected us" will galvanize him into angry activity as certainly as that wasp, about to leave the yellow plums for a cruise in the house, would one moment later have done.

MIND AND MANNERS. By Acton Reed. (Simpkin & Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.)—Should a very young girl propose? Is it right for clergymen to box? And can one conscientiously say, "Not at home," when all the while the mistress is concealed in the back-parlour? If an insoluble problem is desired, those are the kinds of questions to discuss. Yet Mr. Acton Reed's earnest query, Should a man be polite? has evident advantages. The investigation has a purely secular interest, and so religious animosities will not be aroused; at the same time the sexual significance which is often implicit in these controversies here acquires a chastened and demure aspect. Should women smoke in public? With what gesture should tips be conferred? And does a nobleman vacate his seat when he impinges on an overcrowded omnibus? It is indeed hard to say; and somehow, in spite of the author's patient exegesis, there is a feeling that bedrock has not yet been reached. "Manners," the first page tells us, "should be seen and not heard." That is a true dictum. Similarly, an observant mind can discover that sermons are frequently long, whereas the remarks of the Saviour were very short and gnomic. Perhaps, after all, the trouble is that these problems are not quite insoluble, and, if one is going to talk, one should talk about some wide subject, such as the nature of the universe. But then again, who knows? It is all very difficult.

MARGINALIA

ONE of the prime functions of Poetry is the immortalization of heroic events. At any rate, that was what I used to be told, and that was what I always dutifully repeated in all the essays—and in the course of my schooldays I must have written at least half-a-dozen of them—that I wrote round the apophthegm, "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword." What would Achilles be without Homer? What Satan without Milton? (All the horror of those weekly essays comes back to me as I write the words. Between the ages of ten and eighteen I out-Baconed Addison in the number of my lucubrations.) Where would King Arthur be without the "Idylls of the King"? (He would be in Malory, where he ought to be. But these are rhetorical questions which require no answering.) But in spite of all my early dicta on the subject, it has to be admitted that Poetry has generally paid very little attention to what is reputed to be her first duty. The number of great men and great events she has celebrated is very small; almost all the really important persons and happenings in history remain unsung.

The war of 1914 has been more copiously celebrated in poetry than any other catastrophe of its kind. This is surely due to the fact that more people fought in it, more were intimately concerned in it than in any previous war. During the Napoleonic wars the number of men belonging to the cultured middle classes who actually fought in our armies was extremely small. And since it is from the cultured middle class that poets generally spring, the number of war poets was proportionately small. Those who "sang the glorious day's renown" during the Napoleonic wars were poets chanting at a safe distance from the struggle. The ordinary celebration of patriotism is as dull as a didactic poem or a coronation ode. Wordsworth, it is true, could write with real power of a very distant war; but that was because the collapse of the Revolution and the triumph of Napoleon were the determining factors in the greatest and most terrible intellectual and moral crisis of his life. He was in his own way as immediately affected by the catastrophe as were the soldier poets of the war of 1914.

The war has been copiously celebrated in verse. But the other prodigious event of these years, an event in some ways more marvellous, more pregnant with potentialities, more dramatic and obviously poetical than even the war—the Bolshevik Revolution—has received so far almost no attention from the poets. I say almost; for there exists at least one poetical work inspired by the Russian Revolution that, to my mind, is a work of importance—M. André Salmon's "Prikaz." "Prikaz" is a collection of sixteen shortish poems, some of them narratives, some dramatic monologues, some descriptive, and all connected in one way or another with different aspects of the Bolshevik Revolution. He has not recounted the history of the Revolution, nor has he stated its nominal principles in order to praise or denounce them in the grand manner of the liberals and legitimists of a century ago.

No, "Prikaz" is neither epical nor propagandist. It is a study of some of those unknown spiritual quantities which have made the revolution possible. It is a study of states of mind in the span-new Garden of Eden that has blossomed out of the ruins of everything old. And what an Eden! M. Salmon has described it:

Innocence du monde,
Quand l'arbre de science avec sa pomme ronde
Est un arbre de ma

L'Arbre de la Liberté. . . .
Quand Adam adamite a vendu ses habits
Pour être Adam. . . .
Quand Eve est une grande dame
Déshabillée par les soldats ivres, la farce ayant sa place au plus fort du drame.
Innocence du monde,
Lorsque la pomme ronde
Crépète,
Mélinite, cheddite, dynamite, yperite,
Quand le serpent à tête plate
Collant ses écailles noires au fût du bel arbre écarlate,
Aux yeux du plus pauvre d'esprit n'est absolument rien
Qu'une enseigne de pharmacien,
Ou bien le signe gravé sur les boutons d'uniforme
Des médecins militaires gantés de caoutchouc
Traînant dans les salons un relent d'iodoforme.

It is a Garden of Eden where, to quote the title of a recently translated volume of the Russian critic Shestov, "all things are possible." All things are possible, all things are permitted. M. Salmon has given us glimpses of a world where this was temporarily true in practice.

The most striking feature of "Prikaz" is its extraordinary truth. It is a work of imagination that is far more convincing than the most circumstantial newspaper report. The story of Ossip Ossipovitch Apraxin, the discourse on treason, the train-load of runaway soldiers—these things are true, and to read them is to understand something of those first months of chaos in the new Eden created by the November revolution. Best of all I like the conversation between the bandit grown suddenly and prodigiously rich and the Oriental merchants, the carpet-seller, and the Tartar with his precious stones. The bandit asks for carpets, because he wants to educate himself. He wants to find out why the rich of the old days used to get scribes and students to write operas for them, why they trained the daughters of poor officers to dance and sing for them in these same operas. Where did they learn to do all these senseless, improbable things?

Eh bien, toutes ces idées de gens riches
Ça ne se trouve pas dans les livres qui ne sont bons que pour les imbéciles mal payés;
Ça se trouve sur les tapisseries.

Carpets, then, huge carpets to crawl over, carpets covered with mysterious signs and patterns, where he who looks close enough may read the fantastic secrets of the rich.

It is a curious thing that none of the poets who were inspired, directly or indirectly, by the French Revolution should ever have attempted a similar illumination of its unknown quantities. Most of them were content, with Shelley, to proclaim the glories of freedom and to prophesy the millennium that would follow the overthrow of priest and king. There is a pathetic and childlike naïveté about these outpourings, a radiant unreality. The nearest approach to a psychological study of the Revolution is to be found in "The Prelude." Wordsworth has left us one or two clear and unforgettable pictures, as of the legitimist officer to whom the daily news from Paris brought a quotidian fever of anxiety.

While he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch
Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body.

But even while he was "dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds, like culprits to the bar," Wordsworth was still able to detect a providence in the midst of the chaos.

Wild blasts of music thus could find their way
Into the midst of turbulent events.

M. Salmon has concluded his volume with the same metaphor:

Mais les crimes sont-ils pas aussi accomplis selon Dieu ?
Il est des forfaits mélodieux.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

"SAUL," by Corinne Lowe (Constable, 9s. net), may be fitly described as a realistic romance of modern commerce. The scene is New York, and the principal actors (all of Jewish nationality) are engaged in the wholesale trade for supplying ready-made dresses to women. The writer makes no attempt at idealizing the conditions under which this industry is, in her opinion, carried on. "Graft," sweated labour, and dishonesty of every kind are the weapons daily employed by her characters. Yet these have something of that daring and initiative which make the true adventurer, and in favourable circumstances may make the pioneer, and, though they sometimes repel us, we are never dull in their company. For Saul himself it must be further said that he has an artistic eye for colour and a genuine delight in designing beautiful clothes. His wife, Channa, the daughter of an old Zionist, who recalls Mr. Zangwill's Ghetto dreamers, is on a higher level than her colleagues in business. She endeavours, though in vain, to imbue her husband with different notions of honour, and is successful in persuading him to humaner treatment of their employés. She has an inherited touch of mysticism, and also that curious aptitude for affairs which, as Huysmans observes, is often combined with it; and is in every way a tower of strength to Saul, who yet for a time forsakes her under the fascination of one Miss Severance, "the biggest woman in the garment trade and special adviser to a couple of fabric mills." A grandiose scheme devised by this lady for his advantage lands him on the verge of ruin, and brings him back to Channa, who, through her pluck and resourcefulness, weathers the storm.

Novelists to whom fiction is in the main a medium for the expression of theories upon music have generally found it necessary to supplement the attractions of their principal theme by some digression into paths of more universal interest. In "Alexis" (Appletons, 7s. 6d. net) Mr. Stuart Maclean has employed two layers of such padding. One is a spiritless tale of a marvellous pianist, unhappily married and living in seclusion; the other, much more appealing, details the steps by which a boy born in extreme poverty rises to eminence as a violinist. The musical society of "Cosmopolis," that centre of American culture, furnishes some vivacious scenes. The boy's teacher is a delightful old German of the type which, before the war, abounded in fiction, and was not unknown in life.

That men are growing liker to women is a theory not so popular as its converse. Yet it is certainly curious to find a male novelist—distinguished too, like Mr. C. H. Dudley Ward, in military service—describing in "Rhoda Drake" (Murray, 7s.) a pair of protagonists such as used to be considered exclusively feminine creations: the strong, brainless, good-looking brute of a hero; the clever, cynical, yet impassioned heroine, herself free from vice, but regarding it with a toleration which seems a little more than human and a little less than Christian. Mr. Ward introduces us to some highly objectionable company, including a mysterious gang of conspirators, intent, with motives not clearly defined, on fishing in the troubled waters of post-war unrest. But the story has life and movement, and carries the unimpeachable moral that effort rather than "grousing" is the most obvious remedy for the distresses of our day.

For experienced novel-readers the title of Miss Gertrude Byron's charming little story, "Poor Angela" (Melrose, 7s. net), sounds a preliminary note of warning. Heroines named Angela have—invariably, we think—at least a touch of the diabolic in their composition, and our expectation on this score is deepened by the obviously ambiguous adjective prefixed. Crippled by an accident at twenty-three, "poor Angela" finds compensation in the circle of brilliant men which her personal gifts combined with a favourable concatenation of circumstances enable her to gather round her. Reclining gracefully on a sofa, and attired in an exquisite tea-jacket, she holds monthly receptions, providing black coffee for Cabinet ministers, champagne for Labour members, cold beef and plenty of it for Hungarian littérateurs, and conversation to suit all comers. For these enjoyments her family have to pay in more senses than one, but Angela finds them so much to her taste that she prefers to remain an invalid in appearance after she has ceased to be one in reality.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

We referred in a former paper to an article dealing with Shelley's drama, "The Cenci," which appeared in the *Indicator* dated July 19 and 26, 1820. The contribution relates to the life and crimes of that "mad and grey-headed horror," Francesco Cenci; to Beatrice Cenci's parricide; and to the executions of Lucrezia, Beatrice, and Giacomo Cenci. Bernardo was liberated, but not until after he had been forced to witness the deaths of his sister, brother and stepmother. "Thus," remarks the commentator, "ended this dreadful tragedy of mistakes; in which the most privileged were made fiends, the most virtuous murderers, and the customs that undertook to punish them were the cause of all."

The article includes a number of extracts from the poem. The best is from the beautiful dialogue at the end of the play, between Bernardo and his sister. "Mr. Shelley, in this work," says the critic, "reminds us of some of the most strenuous and daring of our old dramatists, not by any means as an imitator, though he has studied them, but as a bold, elemental imagination, and a framer of 'mighty lines.'"

In piquant contrast with the above appreciative review are the following representative passages from critiques elsewhere dealing with the same poet's "Prometheus Unbound":

It is quite impossible that there should exist a more pestiferous mixture of blasphemy, sedition, and sensuality, than is visible in the whole structure and strain of this poem—which, nevertheless . . . must and will be considered by all that read it attentively, as abounding in poetical beauties of the highest order . . . There is an Ode to Liberty at the end of the volume, which contains passages of the most splendid beauty, but which, in point of meaning, is just as wicked as any thing that ever reached the world under the name of Mr. Hunt himself.—*Blackwood*, September, 1820.

It has been said that none ought to attempt to criticize that which they do not understand; and we beg to be considered as the acknowledged transgressors of this rule, in the observations which we venture to offer on "Prometheus Unbound." After a very diligent and careful perusal, reading many passages over and over again . . . we are compelled to confess, that they remained to us inflexibly unintelligible, and are to the present hour . . . to our apprehensions, "Prometheus" is little else but absolute raving; and were we not assured to the contrary, we should take it for granted that the author was lunatic—as his principles are ludicrously wicked, and his poetry a mélange of nonsense, cockneyism, poverty, and pedantry.—*Literary Gazette*, September 9, 1820.

For savagery and puerile spleen some of the judgments passed upon Keats would be difficult to beat. Readers of *THE ATHENÆUM* were lately reminded that Keats' "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other poems were announced at the end of July, 1820, as having just been published. During the ensuing months a number of periodicals attacked the unfortunate young author with remarkable virulence. The *Quarterly Review* had damned him as early as 1818, and the directors of other journals in 1820 felt it incumbent upon them to follow suit.

The name "Joseph Skillett" is scarcely one to conjure with. It is ugly, and smacks of the stewpan. Consequently, the discovery that it was the self-chosen *sobriquet* of a distinguished man of ancient lineage, who in 1846 became the Prime Minister of England, is intriguing, and gives a little thrill of surprise. Lord John Russell, in 1820, published "Essays and Sketches of Life and Character. By a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings." The basis of the book, which was noticed at length in the *Monthly Magazine* dated July 30, 1820, in the *Eclectic Review* for August, and in other quarters, is that Mr. Skillett, of Sackville Street, having found a number of manuscripts in a room lately occupied by a lodger, takes them, for a "consideration," to Mr. Longman, the publisher. Mr. Skillett prefaces the collection. Of the longest and ablest essay—a paper on the British Constitution—a caustic critic in *Blackwood* remarks (August, 1820): "The ideas . . . are not very new"; but he adds that the production is "written in a style so superior to anything that has appeared for a long while in the *Edinburgh Review*, or any other Whig journal, that we doubt not the praise even of novelty will be ascribed to it by the common trumpeters of the party."

One of the *Blackwood* circle at this period was David Macbeth Moir, whose pleasing but usually unremarkable verse, signed "Δ," and other contributions, were prominent features of the Tory magazine.

LITERARY GOSSIP

I learn that Mr. H. G. Wells is leaving England very shortly to visit Russia. Englishmen could choose no better unofficial ambassador to the Russian Intellectuals. Not only did Mr. Wells enjoy a great and deserved popularity among them before the war; but he has followed the fortunes of Russia since then with a keen sympathy and an eager thirst for authentic information. It was only fitting therefore that Maxim Gorky should have addressed his recent letter to England to H. G. Wells in person. To an educated Russian he represents England. In that we are, perhaps, more fortunate than we deserve to be.

* * * *

The *Revue de Genève*, the latest addition to the literary magazines in the French language, publishes a long-lost poetical ballet by Descartes, composed by him during his residence at the Swedish Court, to celebrate the Peace of Munster in 1649. It is a curious, not very poetical production, in all probability written very much against the grain to satisfy the caprice of the blue-stocking Queen Christina, who was responsible for Descartes' death, by compelling the philosopher, who had the excellent habit of doing his thinking in bed in the mornings, to get up at 5 a.m. in the middle of a Swedish winter to explain the "Discourse on Method" to her.

* * * *

Descartes did not display much literary originality in the composition. Pallas and Mars duly appear. But he showed a good deal of independence of mind, considering his position as a courtier in a bellicose court fresh from the plunder of Germany, by introducing into his ballet a number of mutilated soldiers to dance the seventh entry to the words:

Qui voit comme nous sommes faits
Et pense que la guerre est belle,
Ou qu'elle vaut mieux que la Paix,
Est estropié de cervelle.

Descartes was a pacifist, and it is appropriate that this ballet of his should be first republished in the city dedicated to the League of Nations.

* * * *

A correspondent writes: "I am rather surprised to see publishers and authors calling the poet 'Lord Tennyson.' Surely by this time he has earned the honour due to a classic, and should be styled 'Tennyson' *tout court*, especially as his son is living and well known. Lord Tennyson is not a poet, though he once wrote, if I remember right, some hexameters on 'Jack and the Beanstalk.' For my own part, I consider it a higher distinction to be a classic than to have been a peer. But then the peerage was never my favourite form of fiction."

* * * *

The report of the Lincoln Public Library contains a passing reference to a difficulty which, it is to be hoped, some zealous Tennysonian will solve. "The Tennyson Memorial Library, comprising valuable books, manuscripts, portraits and personal relics of Lincolnshire's Poet Laureate, is inaccessible to the public owing to the need of furniture for its accommodation."

* * * *

M. Edouard Champion, of 5, Quai Malaquais, Paris, whose untiring efforts in the cause of literary scholarship and *belles-lettres* are so well known, informs me that his two latest projects, the publication of a *Revue de Littérature Comparée* and the production of a facsimile edition of Stendhal's own copy of "La Chartreuse de Parme," depend upon a sufficient number of advance subscribers being secured. The subscription to the review is fixed at 40 francs per annum, but in view of the manifestly unprofitable nature of the undertaking it is hoped that

"abonnements de bienveillance" of 100 francs will be paid by those in a position to help the attainment of the ideal of "the new humanism" to which the editors aspire.

* * * *

The copy of the "Chartreuse de Parme" which is to be reproduced is a unique document. It may be remembered that Balzac, in his enthusiastic review of the novel, though fully recognizing its superlative quality, advised Stendhal to modify the plan, and above all to polish the style. Stendhal promised to make the attempt, and had a copy of the novel interleaved. He covered not only the blank pages, but the text itself with innumerable notes and corrections, ranging from corrections of single words to elaborate analyses of his own characters. One hundred copies of this facsimile, in two volumes bound exactly like the original, are to be published at 1,500 francs each.

* * * *

The journals of Dr. John Aikin, published from manuscript in *Notes and Queries* recently, were such sane and pleasant reading that the new discovery in the number for September 4 is welcome. Dr. Aikin made a tour in Holland in 1784, and, after reading his account, I should like to have gone with him, except that after leaving Harwich "we found a brisk but contrary wind. Not being able to advance, we cast anchor, when the vessel heaved and rolled continually." Otherwise I should have walked on air past "tall cut hedges, long vistas, becerau walks, statues, aviaries and parterres . . . [and] summer-houses full of people drinking tea and smoking"; it would have been amusing even at "Scheveling, a large fishing village on the open beach, whose neatness could not prevent it from smelling abominably of fish."

* * * *

It is to be noted that Dr. Aikin's account was furnished by "another of his descendants." A point frequently made in these columns is the quantity of manuscript which must remain in the hands of descendants of men of letters. Inevitably every writer leaves unprinted material behind him at his death, and, very probably, among his nondescript papers: in the case of the greatest names there will be no want of investigation and the means of publication, but lesser men are not often so fortunate after their lifetime. Contemporary judgments and reputations are such whimsical things that presently these lesser men may become peculiarly important, not so much for their own creative work as in their recollections and opinions. Let their posterity produce them.

* * * *

The Spamer Book Printing house, of Leipzig, have patented a process known as "Manuldruck" which may prove of the greatest importance. Its exact nature is not yet made known, but it is a method of reproducing originals of all kinds, to 50,000 copies or more, with uniformly good impressions, and without injury to the originals. The promoters believe that the saving in cost will be very considerable; it will economize in storage space; and it is a method which renders corrections possible.

* * * *

On the whole, from such information touching provincial libraries as has reached me lately, I cannot be pessimistic over the condition of books and reading in England. Financial problems, never utterly mastered, are at least being met with resolution and resource; and though new books have been harder to come by, there has been a growing interest on the part of the public. I quote from the Nottingham Public Libraries Bulletin: "There has been an increased issue of works on science, fine arts, sociology, foreign languages, philosophy, and poetry, and a continued demand for miscellaneous literature, biography, travel, and works in technology for students and workers."

Science

"NERVOUSNESS" IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

PSYCHO-NEUROSES OF WAR AND PEACE. By Millais Culpin, M.D. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)

DR. CULPIN gives an account of his investigation and treatment of those soldiers who, under the strain of actual warfare or of army conditions, developed nervous symptoms which prevented service for greater or lesser periods, and in some cases permanently. It is a record of painstaking and conscientious work in the most arduous department of modern medicine, and it is good to read of the gratifying and often brilliant results obtained.

The condition from which these soldiers suffered was popularly known as "shell-shock," which is a misleading term. It is misleading because it conveys the idea that the condition was brought about by the action of physical causes, such as the concussion from bursting shells, on the physical organism, whereby molecular or grosser changes took place in the nervous system. Dr. Culpin's book throughout is a denial of this idea. He points out that the psycho-neuroses occurred in men who had never been near enough to exploding shells or bombs to suffer any bodily effects whatsoever. He therefore regards nervous symptoms as individual reactions to the realities of war, that is to say, he regards them as of psychological, not of physical origin. We are glad that Dr. Culpin recognizes that nervous symptoms constitute a form of conduct. In so far as it is of unconscious origin, it cannot be considered to be responsible.

The conception by which Dr. Culpin considers the best understanding of the psycho-neuroses is to be obtained is that of repression, which is associated with the name of Freud. Painful war experiences, and desires which are incompatible with the conscious idea of the self as a good soldier, are repressed into the unconscious, and, in those who are predisposed, from there give rise to symptoms inexplicable to the patient. Of these conditions paralyses, phobias and obsessions may be mentioned. Treatment consisted in bringing these "buried memories" and repressed desires into the light of consciousness by means of hypnosis or through the method of analysis. Having been rooted from their lurking place or vantage ground in the unconscious, they were rendered innocuous. Through treatment based on this conception Dr. Culpin has had a measure of success on which he is to be congratulated. However, he freely admits that his methods of investigation failed to reveal "repressions" in a great many cases, and that "in a proportion of cases the revival of memories of events, even if beneficial, has not reached the ultimate cause of the neurosis, which must be sought in something more remote."

Perhaps the best chapter in the book is that on "Etiology." It shows a practical insight and discrimination which was sadly lacking in those physicians who, failing to appreciate the many-sidedness of the problem of the psycho-neuroses, approached it from the neurological standpoint only. In this chapter it is noteworthy that Dr. Culpin expresses the opinion that to return a man to duty after removal of neurotic symptoms was often to the advantage neither of the patient nor of the army. In the event of a future war the adoption of this point of view might save a great deal of the confusion and muddle in dealing with these cases which occurred in the late war. Perhaps the science of psychology on modern lines will have advanced by that time to such a stage that the predisposition to disorders of this kind will be recognized earlier, and the

individual factor be dealt with in a way which will make for general efficiency.

An attempt is made to grapple with the question why neurotic manifestations should tend to divide themselves into two groups, the hysterics and the anxiety conditions. We consider it is an omission of some importance that Jung's conception of psychological types, which offers a useful approach to this problem, should not be mentioned. Obviously the relationship to the unconscious in these two types is different. In this chapter also Dr. Culpin draws attention to the fact that men suffering from severe wounds rarely showed psycho-neurotic symptoms. He explains this by saying that the man's knowledge of his physical condition abolished the factor of the stress of his surroundings, which kept up the process of repression. To illustrate this he cites an interesting case of "trench feet" with massive gangrene.

In Chapter V. pre-war nervous symptoms are shown to have existed in ninety-one cases of his series, and in Chapter XIV. is given the autobiography of a pre-war psychasthenic who developed a "stammer" and "gait" during his service. The latter case illustrates very well that the eccentric attitudes of peace-time, not apparently interfering with the person's health and happiness, and therefore not dubbed "nervous" in the medical sense, are just the characteristics which under any unusual stress may become exaggerated into neurotic symptoms. It is obvious that the majority of these cases were not likely to stand the strain of war or even of army life.

With regard to treatment, although Dr. Culpin directed most of his energy to overcoming "repressions" by the method of analysis, he also made use of simpler methods such as persuasion, explanation and suggestion, where he found them expedient. In this connection we are glad to note that Babinsky's idea of suggestion as the chief cause of the neuroses is dismissed as superficial. He is sceptical about the advantage of the use of electricity in these conditions. It was largely used by French psychotherapists for its painfully suggestive effect. This method we think is to be condemned.

In the chapter on treatment disappointment is confessed as to the progress of those cases who on their discharge seemed fit to carry on their ordinary life. Although the reality of war ceased to be an acute problem, they only too often relapsed. In our opinion this fact is significant because it proves that the neurosis has reference as much to the future as to the past. "The renewal of a useful adaptability to social demands is the most difficult and unsatisfactory problem of treatment, and the method of attacking it depends so much upon personal tendencies of the psycho-therapist that very little indication can be provided." We would suggest that the constructive handling of the unconscious, according to the methods of Jung, will afford the only real deliverance from the grip of the neurosis. In cases who are gradually emerging from the neurosis, symbols of prospective value will not be found to be lacking.

In Chapter VII. an interesting account is given of the technique employed in the revival of "repressed" painful memories. The phenomenon which has been termed "abreaction" is described. It is the emotional crisis which occurs, often in a dramatic form with all the signs of intense fear, weeping, &c., when the repressed experience which is supposed to be the unconscious origin of the neurosis is brought into consciousness by one or other of the methods described.

Dr. Culpin devotes a chapter to dreams which is perhaps the most controversial in the book. Battle dreams were terrifying dreams which in their purest form dealt with war scenes and incidents more or less horrible. He regards these as the result of the process of repression. This view

is not justifiable, we think, in the light of the fact that there were many cases of the anxiety type whose war experiences were very limited, and especially perhaps amongst officers, whose dreams dealt with incidents and scenes exaggerated out of all semblance to what had actually happened to them. The latter fact is at variance with the conception of the "censor," the function of which is supposed to be the distorting and damping down of the unconscious content, not the exaggeration into more dramatic and often more painful forms than past reality can account for. The origin of the dream, then, cannot always be explained by the idea of repression and the censor. Dr. Culpin looks upon it sometimes as a standard of recovery. By this he means that the cessation of painful or terrifying dreams, or the appearance of pleasant ones, is a good sign. It may be then asked, If the painful dreams reproduce war experience, to what experience do the dreams with more pleasant contents correspond? For example, a man at the acute stage of his neurosis dreams he is fighting with Germans, having the worst of it, being taken prisoner, &c. Later, when his condition is improving, he is fighting Germans, but now he is winning. The motif has changed from losing to winning, but the latter has no relation to actual war experience. It is purely a subjective phenomenon. The change must be an expression of the dream function itself. The balance of power in the psyche has changed. The dream is from this point of view a symbolic picture of the psychological situation of the dreamer, and must therefore be regarded as a function. Dr. Culpin does not regard the dream as an absolute function. We would point out, however, that humanity has progressed only through the symbol, and that the latter has reference to the future as well as to the past.

We cannot see that anything is gained by regarding the fit as a dissociation in the same sense as applied to a somnambulism. Rather is the fit to be regarded as a sign of "regression," of energy functioning at a reflex organic (autonomic) level, instead of at a cortical level. When the higher function is abrogated the lower one takes its place.

In conclusion, we cordially recommend this book to everyone who wishes to study the difficult and delicate, diversified and infinitely complicated problem of the psycho-neuroses.

JAMES YOUNG.

THE SOCIAL DISEASES. By Dr. J. Héricourt. Translated, and with a final chapter, by Bernard Miall. (Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.)—Writing primarily for the French public, the author lays down the general principle that the four diseases, tuberculosis, syphilis, alcoholism, and sterility, two of which are strictly voluntary disorders, may be held responsible for a great part of the moral suffering of the human race. The campaign against the first of these diseases is essentially one against contagion, and isolation of advanced cases is advisable in the interest of the community. At the same time sanatoria must be made more attractive, and greater attention should be paid to educational propaganda. In regard to the prevention of venereal disease the author believes that it is necessary to invoke psychological influences that are known to possess strongly deterrent action upon the will: persuasion through fear and persuasion through interest. In this country, says the translator, the situation on the whole is fairly encouraging, though there is still an urgent need for greater enlightenment among the youthful population. In the case of alcoholism and sterility the only remedies appear to lie in education. The recognized gravity of these social maladies accounts for the pessimistic colouring of this book.

"**MALARIA AT HOME AND ABROAD,**" by Lieut.-Col. S. P. James, M.D. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson, 25s. net), deals with the life-history of the malarial parasite, its mode of transmission to man by mosquitoes, and the measures to be taken for the prevention and cure of malaria.

Fine Arts ON THE NORWICH SCHOOL

THE NORWICH SCHOOL. With Articles by H. M. Cundall. ("The Studio," 10s. 6d. net.)

LOCAL enthusiasms and institutions are nearly always excellent. They are personal, and to be classed with affections rather than with organizations; they are, like inherited ideas, peculiar things, and as different from the great and royal societies of the metropolis as the sparrow of the stubbles from his kinsman of city streets. It is true that they depend for their existence, in many cases, on individuals or small circles of personal friends, and so they have no continuity, and die out; and in the present age it becomes ever harder to found and to foster them. Their labours, that might a century since have brought to light some ancient Durobrivæ or added vastly to our knowledge of nature animate and inanimate, are not now so fruitful, although the Pitdown man is a striking exception, and it is still possible to meet the badger, that testy old gentleman, not fifty miles from London. But in general, it obtains that the face of England has become greatly less glorious since the heyday of the accused enclosures, tamed, and vilified; the railroads have destroyed much of the stubborn intimacy of the market towns; and money has captured, for London or for America, not only the promising men, but also the rich remains of the past. Cheap literature produced in mass has stifled most of the local books which flourished even so late as 1820. What bookseller in Bungay now can bring out and sell in thousands Sir John Hill's "Herbal" with coloured plates (the best in the world)? Who in Norwich, among the printers, dares choose an anthology of the best English poems and issue it in East Anglia alone? These things were possible and even profitable once, but now the city sits sorrowful and looks towards the metropolis. There are those who hold out, and while always proud to be noticed by the experts or the mighty Press, yet are prouder to add now some old County History to the library, now an old local water-colour to the wall, or, perhaps, another constable's staff to the glass cases. Such men spend almost their whole lives for the societies which, probably, they helped to originate, and by sheer self-sacrifice and vigour acquire, and save from utter dissemination, collections whose extraordinary value is their completeness in one place, that place the most congenial to them.

The Norwich Society of Artists was entirely a local growth, and the first of its kind in England. It would not be too presumptuous to add, the best. Founded by John Crome in 1803, it assembled at the "Hole in the Wall" tavern to inquire into "the Rise, Progress and present State of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, with a view to point out the Best Methods of Study to attain the Greater Perfection in these Arts." The wind stood fair for the enterprise. In 1805 the Society was able, not only to remove into more spacious headquarters, but also to hold its first exhibition; which was intended "as an encouragement and stimulus to Art and an educator of the public"—the Norwich public—and succeeded. The exhibition was held every year until 1825, and after an interval due to housing difficulties, it lived on until 1833. Several revivals have brought it down into our own days, but with less of the natural vigour of the early nineteenth century. John Crome had died in 1821, John Sell Cotman in 1842; and no town in the world could replace this Elisha and Elijah in hundreds of years. It remained to collect and house the works of these men and their lesser brethren, and "a few ardent admirers" have seen to it that Norwich possesses permanently a great share of such riches.

John Crome, "Old Crome," was born in 1768, and became apprentice to a sign-painter named Whistler. Falling in with a certain Robert Ladbroke, he decided to hire and share with him a "studio," and to master the art of painting. Fortune certainly favoured the brave, and while Ladbroke achieved tolerable success in his practice and substantial rewards for his preaching, Crome advanced like the genius he was and filled his life of fifty-three years with great and enduring labours. The portrait by his early friend and fashioner, Opie, gives some clue to the man: the broad forehead, the heavy, even sensuous lips, the expression of meditative patience and certainty, of magnificent but not arrogant strength. It is the face of a man resolutely claiming one great faith. Not only is there a compelling and instant command in all his best mature pictures severally, but there is a unanimity, a singleness in them as a life-work. In this respect and in his stern reverence for nature, whom he considered the finest picture ever painted—"Do you think," said he, pointing to a summer distance, "that either you or I can do better than that?"—John Crome closely resembles that other giant of East Anglia, the Rev. George Crabbe. Like him too, though in his different medium, he strikes the exact proportion between mass and minutiae, for ever bidding his pupils beware of distracting and jumbling "with accidental trifles," but never forgetting the necessity for sharply contrasted foreground. For this he relied on knowledge and old acquaintance, and sometimes, changing the proportions, would take a common wildflower as his central theme.

Fourteen years younger than Crome, John Sell Cotman was in easier social circumstances, and went early to London to follow the erratic gleam of Painting, despite Opie's advice that he "should black boots rather." In 1806 he took a house in Norwich and joined the Society, but he, unlike Crome, was constantly travelling and constantly trying new paths in art. Cotman differs also from his rival in his attitude towards nature, whom he did not consider entirely adequate without certain processes of modification and improvement. He is certainly brilliant in his method of attack, though inevitably less satisfying as a rule than Crome the unflustered. Doubtless there were occasions when Cotman's pictures gained from his mercurial temperament, but they bear often enough the marks of pell-mell hurry and recklessness. His reason for painting but little in oils is revealing: "they consume too much time." Cotman is superb in his water-colour impressions of mountain streams, and daring contrasts of river, rock and tree in dazzling sun. He errs towards the grandiose, it is true, but what a great vision is that Mont St. Michel of his! It displays, it merits eternity.

Cotman and Crome away, even yet the Norwich School has its glories. A score of devoted and gifted men, their friends or pupils, have left the rich harvest of their contented diligence, and often so nearly approach their masters as to be mistaken for them. We suspect that they worked not by theory, but by sheer love. To them, what mattered new doctrines, sensational red herrings of the sophists? For most of them there was only East Anglia and only one way of painting her, namely, being deep in love with her. How full of quiet beauty their work is may now be judged from the examples given in the volume before us, although those who know Norwich and the Castle Museum have the advantage. Yet this is a pleasant and admirable volume, necessarily not reproduced with the finesse of expensive lithography, and the poorer for not including the famous but surely not hackneyed "Poringland Oak" and "Moonrise at the Mouth of the Yare"; still, a real memorial to the unique society founded by one of the world's painters, who lived and died content with a local reputation.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

MR. WADSWORTH'S BLACK COUNTRY

THE BLACK COUNTRY. A Book of Twenty Drawings by Edward Wadsworth. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. (Ovid Press. 21s. net.)

MR. WADSWORTH'S drawings have been appreciated in these columns on various occasions during the last year. It might therefore suffice to state that the reproductions in this book are excellently done. But with these twenty selected examples before us to consider at our leisure we may emphasize one or two points of interest in them.

The most obvious is that Mr. Wadsworth is a variable artist. The gap between his achievements and his failures is at times curiously wide; and it is sometimes apparent between two handlings of the same subject. "Slag Heap, Netherton Furnaces (6)," is a very empty affair compared with "Ladle Slag, Old Hill (9)." And the latter drawing is so solid, so unhesitating in its expression of form, that the aimlessness of the former is rather bewildering. At his best—and it is only fair to say that in half the drawings collected in this book he is at his best—Mr. Wadsworth's drawings remind us of those of Vincent van Gogh. Sometimes the reminder is pretty remote, for in some of those we would class as his better drawings (for example, "View near Bilston, 8") the recollection of the intensity of Van Gogh's line is a touchstone which brings out the insecurity of Mr. Wadsworth's. It is always a dangerous, and often an unfair thing to conjure up the memory of a master in order to explain a contemporary; but on the whole an allusion to Van Gogh is justified in Mr. Wadsworth's case. "Ladle Slag, Springvale Furnaces (18)," is a drawing that can stand the comparison to a certain extent, and there are others.

But one has to remember that when Mr. Wadsworth succeeds in expressing by his forms a certain intense and elemental strength, it is there, even to the ordinary vision, in the object to which he addresses himself. Van Gogh, on the other hand, reveals it and satisfies us that it was really there, in the most unlikely places, such as his bedroom in placid Arles. There is a capital difference between the artist who looks on all things with a probing and passionate eye, and the one who transmits what is a reality for all men. It is perhaps ungrateful to insist upon this, but in these days there is a twofold danger in calling up great men: the artist may quote you without your qualifying context, or a lynx-eyed *confrère* may hold you (also shorn of your context) up to scorn. Still, instead of grumbling at Mr. Wadsworth for not being a Van Gogh, we welcome him for what he is, a patient, honest, and gifted artist who has it in him to rise on occasion to the grandeur of his subject. We have not so many of these that we can afford to treat him grudgingly.

M.

A DISCURSIVE HANDBOOK ON COPYING. By W. S. Spanton. (Winsor & Newton. 1s. 6d.)—The copyists are among the humblest and the most devoted camp-followers of art. We never hear their names but we see them on "students' days" at the National Gallery, perched on high stools and ladders, endeavouring to reproduce by inches the fire and assurance of brilliant technicians. Their patience is pathetic. Their copies are veritable labours of love—and, as a rule, quite incredibly unlike the originals. In the pamphlet before us Mr. W. S. Spanton, an experienced copyist, provides formulae for copying the more popular favourites at Trafalgar Square. Students may possibly benefit from these elementary and rather summary instructions, which insist quite properly upon the importance of imitating the technique and texture of the originals, but they will not, we imagine, derive much profit from the essay on Reynolds which occupies one-third of a most appropriately styled "discursive" handbook.

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Music

THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL

THOSE who attended the Glastonbury Festival last year were amazed to see how high a standard of performance Mr. Rutland Boughton had been able to attain in the first resumption of the Festival after the break caused by the war. It was recognized at once that the work done at Glastonbury was of more than local importance, and that, although the Festival could never have existed but for Mr. Boughton's personal energy, it did not exist merely for the production of his own operas. No doubt the acceptance of "The Immortal Hour" for publication by the Carnegie Trust did a good deal to draw public attention to Glastonbury. Mr. Boughton may regard his Arthurian cycle as his most important work, and he may yet succeed in making it so, but for the present it is "The Immortal Hour" which has won him universal respect as a composer for the stage. It was played to overflowing houses, though it must be frankly admitted that it does not take very large numbers to overflow the Glastonbury Assembly Rooms. There was a general chorus of critical praise; there was also a less generally expressed feeling among those who were more closely concerned with the Festival that the standard reached was so good that it was urgently necessary that the next year should see it very greatly raised.

By way of drawing further attention to the Festival, and of raising funds, if possible, for the building of a theatre at Glastonbury, a series of performances were given last June at the "Old Vic." It is always a mistake to bring the performances of a "community theatre" to London, especially in the middle of the summer season. Considering the difficulties involved, it was remarkable that the performances should have been even as good and as well-attended as they were; but the London visit can hardly be described as successful either artistically or financially.

It was gratifying to find that the performances of the present Festival have certainly shown an undoubted improvement on those of last year. An appeal is being made for funds to carry on the regular work of the school, and up to the present a very fair response has been made to it. With a view to building a theatre, a site was secured last year, consisting of some seven acres of garden and paddock, with a substantial house. To complete the purchase of this, £1,800 is still required. Even if the erection of a theatre is deferred indefinitely, the acquisition of this property will not be by any means useless, since the house will be made into a hostel for students from outside, and the garden and pasturage can be turned to profitable account. For the ordinary working expenses of the school and the Festival in the present conditions, an annual sum of £750 is necessary. This would enable the committee to employ a salaried business manager, and a lady to take charge of the hostel. Both these officials have now become urgently desirable for the conduct of the Festival. The present development of the organization has made it necessary for Mr. Boughton to delegate a certain amount of the work to others, while still remaining the artistic leader of the whole. The work done this year by Miss Laura Wilson in training the dancers, and by Mr. Herbert Langley in helping to produce the operas, has undoubtedly contributed in a high degree to this year's improvement, while the Festival still preserves that general style and character which Mr. Boughton impressed upon it from the first.

There are many reasons why the Glastonbury Festival and its school ought to be supported by the musical public.

Of its value to the immediate neighbourhood I am not competent to speak. Those who are in a position to appreciate that ought also to be among its supporters. But the Glastonbury Festival, which, I hope, may soon find imitators in other parts of the country, has a value to the whole musical community. It has now become a practical school of study for English music of all periods. There are, elsewhere, a certain number of persons of antiquarian tastes who interest themselves in the madrigals of the Elizabethans, in Purcell's operas and other English music of the past. At Glastonbury they not only study these things; they put them on the stage and make them live again with an extraordinary vigour. For Easter of next year a Purcell Festival is announced, with concerts of sacred and secular music as well as the presentation of two operas. This alone is enough to make the Glastonbury school an institution of national importance. It is also a trial ground for new departures in music and drama. The conditions of performance are so restricted that it is impossible to mask a lack of real imagination; hence for any work performance at Glastonbury is a severe test. Such work as can successfully stand the test may well derive from those very restrictions an intenser force of appeal.

But the actual Festival performances are only a small part of Mr. Boughton's work. More important than the actual performance before an audience is the labour that precedes it. I write with the rehearsals for "The Fairy Queen" at Cambridge still fresh in my memory, and with an inside knowledge of how the Glastonbury Festivals, which include much more than one Purcell opera, are prepared. Those who have taken actual part in them will all agree that no one, however learned or experienced, can go through the Glastonbury rehearsals without learning something new and valuable. For Glastonbury has no convention and no routine. It is perpetually trying experiments; it faces everything as a new problem, and faces the problem for its own artistic interest, and not with a view to popular or commercial success. People learn there to throw themselves into an opera for the sake of the work of art, without any care for individual distinction. It is a school of idealism, and Mr. Boughton himself sets the example of being always prepared to assimilate new ideas. Glastonbury is a place where new ideas are welcomed and have every chance of being carried out with sympathy and understanding.

It is desirable that this side of the Glastonbury Festival should be appreciated, because a stranger witnessing the performances for the first time might well think that many of the eulogies showered upon them in certain quarters were ridiculously exaggerated. There is often much to criticize in Mr. Boughton's own compositions, in his methods of production and in the singing and acting of his company. The visit to the "Old Vic," if in some respects unfortunate, did at least make it clear in what direction there was need for improvement. The faults of Glastonbury are, to a large extent, the result of its distance and isolation and its financial conditions. A more generous support from the outside public will go far to improve its achievements, but perhaps more important artistically than the gift of money will be an intensification of personal encouragement. The locality supplies remarkably good material, but it cannot supply enough of it. To finance the undertaking is the duty of us who have left youth behind; but our subscriptions will be of little use unless the young musicians of both sexes, composers, singers, pianists, fiddlers, and all who have intelligence and enthusiasm, will take the opportunity now and then of contributing their abilities to the movement which has now definitely established itself as a leading and inspiring influence in English opera.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

A YOUNG lady confessed in our hearing the other day that she loves the work of Gabriel Fauré; it leaves one (said she) so deliciously lukewarm. It certainly does, although some of us might be tempted to substitute a different adverb. The new Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, introduced on September 2, has nothing to recommend it beyond a certain factitious animation of style, of which one quickly tires, although the composer keeps it up with a good deal of dexterity. Pierné's prelude, "Les Cathédrales," is in no better case. It never succeeds in conveying to us what the composer had in his mind; it is unmelodious and unrhythmic; all one gets is a general impression of some commonplace, though by no means displeasing, harmony. And some of the side-drum and double-bassoon effects struck one as curiously inappropriate. Mr. Montague Phillips' two Booseyified little songs did not add to our gaiety; and the concert as a whole (appropriately concluded by Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture) reduced us to a state of considerable depression.

Earlier in the week we heard Bela Bartók's early orchestral suite, based on Hungarian folk-tunes—a lively and ingenious little work, in which the treatment is admirably adapted to the material. It is of course not a representative work of the composer, but that will not prevent a good many of us from comparing it favourably with the crabbed empiricism that mars much of his later efforts. The rest of the programme was all chestnuts, with the exception of Glazunov's Piano Concerto. Glazunov is often called the Russian Brahms, but the Russian Stanford would be a much more fitting appellation. He is rarely at his best, and this concerto is not one of the exceptions.

R. O. M.

Drama

GOOSEY! GOOSEY!

LITTLE THEATRE.—"London's Grand Guignol."

WHEN, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Philip Carr and the Little French Theatre Society, the Grand Guignol Company of Paris was brought over here in the autumn of 1913, some of us were a little carried off our feet. The visit took place at a well-chosen moment, when we were growing weary to exasperation of the "discussion play." Had we known then that these formidable debates on sociology, written by dramatists who, for the most part, understood what they were talking about, were only to give place to diatribes about theology by playwrights who seldom knew anything at all about the matters of which they chattered, we should no doubt have felt differently. Had we foreseen the swamping of our stage by the heartless and brainless lasciviousness of the modern imitators of Oscar Wilde and the Palais Royal farces, we should have begged the seedy and dreary population of the "social thesis" drama to stay with us and tell us their troubles again from the beginning. They would, at any rate, have kept the others out. But as the war was foreseen by few, so the theatre of war was foreseen by nobody.

Setting aside these regrets, then, it remains the case that Grand Guignol drama had the great merit of staking everything on action, and that action is after all the essence of drama. Political and religious problems can be more comfortably argued in treatises, or (if you are incurably gregarious) on platforms and in parks; psychological niceties can be more cleanly unravelled by the novelist; what we seek in the theatre is character expressed in action, or, in Brunetière's words, "the spectacle of a will that manifests itself." Now the Grand Guignol drama did not give much in the way of character, but it was bound by its own specifications to give action. The whole interest of it was what was to be done or happen next. There was simply no time for unnecessary talk. In contrast to the garrulous and broken-backed plays of those days its rapid movement was an immense relief.

It was in this essential characteristic, not in the accident of its preference for violently grotesque or violently horrible themes, that the interest of the Grand Guignol really lay. It was, however, the horror that was most discussed, and now that an English Grand Guignol has been started, it is the legitimacy of horror on the stage that is once more arousing controversy, a good deal of which seems to us to go wide of the mark. It is now some years since our principal critic delivered himself of the dictum that "the interest of curiosity has a very humble place in the region of art, while the interest of horror has no place in that region at all." This was too stringent. If horror has a place in life, it has a place in art, which is the interpretation of life. And again, as the framer of the dictum himself conceded, there may be an application of the artistic imagination to a theme of horror which transfigures and justifies it, as in Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse." What then is left? Brute horror without significance for life or fancy, and there is no need to argue whether this ought to be banned from the theatre or no, because it is, in point of fact, never realized there. Physical tortures and violent deaths may be realistically rendered at a waxwork exhibition; on the stage, where you cannot even chop an actor's head off, they are only ludicrous when they are attempted. They provide their own *déjà-vu* by their silliness. The management of the Little Theatre might well refuse admission to children—they are hardly to be blamed for not anticipating that people would be found capable of bringing them—because children may suffer for life in consequence of shocks to their imagination, which is not yet protected by knowledge of realities; but to the rest of us the thrills of the Grand Guignol are no more serious than the thrills of those excellent "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary" which are thoroughly enjoyed by their learned author and his readers on a basis of pure scepticism on both sides. We only "go goosey" out of complaisance.

It is in the same spirit, we take it, that the greater part of the audience watch MM. André de Lorde and Alfred Binet's drama, "The Hand of Death," which is the most important piece in the present Grand Guignol programme. It is a moderately skilful concoction from the recipes left behind by Poe, *écrivain américain d'une imagination déréglée*, as the excellent Larousse observes. There is the gloomy house and the fair-haired maiden like a ray of sunshine in it (what a joke this part must be to Miss Sybil Thorndike!), and the mysterious old professor, her father, convinced that he has invented an apparatus for raising the dead by electricity—why not say magnetism at once and keep up the atmosphere of Poe's "forties"? Presently the public executioner arrives to talk over corpses and their disconcerting habits, and to shudder and twitter and quaver about his life rather in the vein of Eugene Aram. We are thus slowly prepared for Elise to be killed in a motor accident, and for passing bells to toll and nature to provide a storm while the Professor tries to resuscitate the body. The wind moans, the dynamo pants, and, just as a fearful gust bursts open the casement and puts out the lamp, the fingers of the dead close in a convulsive grip on the operator's throat and strangle him. We are far from saying it is not all great fun, though we think it might be improved in several particulars. For instance, the Professor's frenzied solicitude for his child would surely have prevented him from flinging her in her cere-clothes across his study table and starting to operate on her with a knife, snatched up at random, without even washing his hands first. It almost throws an air of improbability over the whole story. Again, though it would probably be unpleasant for Mr. George Bealby (who plays the Professor's opening scenes with a most delicate and convincing realism) to prolong the strangulation episode at the end, we cannot believe that life would

be so swiftly crushed out of a man in reality. These little matters all of them weaken the "thrill."

"The Hand of Death" is preceded by a one-act sketch by M. Pierre Rehm called "G.H.Q. Love," which is on quite a different artistic level. It might well have changed names with the "revuette" at the end of the programme and been called "Oh! Hell!" It certainly is a most authentic glimpse into hell, recalling the blare and oppression of one of Huysmans's "Croquis Parisiens," with its setting in the gaudily-tiled lavatory basement of some low Parisian restaurant or dancing hall—"Messieurs" and "Dames" boldly marked on the two doors—and its population of prostitutes, debauched boobies, vicious *bourgeois* and adulterous *bourgeoises*, all gyrating to the gentle sizzle of the conversation of "Mama," the cloakroom attendant, which sounds like the purring of cauldrons waiting for damned souls. Miss Minnie Rayner is as happily suited with "Mama" as was to be expected, Miss Thorndike is magnificent as the haggard vampire Carmen, and Mr. Russell Thorndike gives an excellent sketch of a cold and drunken satyr wearing an American officer's uniform. The piece is only spoiled by the ridiculous suicide *de vigneux* that concludes it, and lowers it with a bang from life to melodrama.

It should be added that the entertainment begins with a one-act comedy called "How to be Happy," which is so colourless and commonplace that it is almost impossible to remember anything about it except a touching little piece of acting by Miss Cicely Oates as an oppressed working-class wife; and ends with the *revuette*, "Oh! Hell!" already mentioned, which is a kind of glorified drawing-room charade that will probably be funny when it has been worked up. Only the political jokes are a bit advanced for London. We must not be mistaken for a Manchester audience.

D. L. M.

"MALBROUK S'EN VA—"

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—"The Prude's Fall." By Rudolf Besier and May Edginton.

IN the great mythology of politics the French are, as we know, being held up just now for our admiration as the people that has freed itself from such sentimentalisms as faith in human solidarity, respect for the weak, and chivalry to a beaten enemy. Consequently, when a certain type of "hero" is required for a play he will, we suppose, for some time now be a Frenchman. The authors of "The Prude's Fall" apparently find it hard to believe that Mr. Smith or Captain Jones would do what they require of their protagonist, but they have no scruples about allotting his functions to Captain André Le Briquet, airman, sportsman, explorer, pupil of Georges Carpentier—expert, in fact, in all those manly sports in which, notoriously, the English are so second-class.

In the cathedral town of Norman Arches, where he has come to hunt a pretty war-widow, Beatrice Audley, the Captain expounds his philosophy, pointing out to the Dean and his wife that the English, besides their prudery and hypocrisy, are incapable of facing realities. Did they not fail to prepare for the war, and did they ever realize that war is not sport? Presently a friend of Mrs. Audley who ran away from her husband with a lover calls, and is coldly shown the door. And this infuriates the Captain.

It infuriates him, not (according to the reading we are driven to make of his character) because he understands and loathes the thing called Pharisaism, but from a more "realistic" point of view. Love to him spells sacrifice—the sacrifice of the woman to the man, and he has, in consequence, the same prudent respect for the fallen Laura Westonry as a politician has for a dead V.C. People ready to throw away their lives in the good cause ought to

be held up to honour, *pour encourager les autres*. Meanwhile it is obviously high time to start breaking Beatrice in, and this must be done by luring her away from Sir Nevil Moreton, the heavy and dogmatic Englishman to whom she is engaged, and, if possible, working her up, by the aid of the prestige that diffuses itself naturally from an airman, sportsman, explorer, and pupil of Georges Carpentier, to such a pitch of infatuation that she will consent to become his mistress. Once he has brought the English prude to that, there will, of course, be no more trouble with her; he may even condescend to marry her.

At this point, as so often happens, the acting begins rather to get in the way of the play. Mr. du Maurier, who plays Le Briquet, has no skill in scenes of passion, and though he can, with his slender tenseness of figure, suggest moments of electrically-stored strength, he cannot physically convey the weight and largeness of the bully. Mr. Franklin Dyall, who plays Sir Nevil, on the other hand, is all fire and passion and virility, and, quite obviously, of the two men, far the more likely to induce Beatrice to lose her head. Le Briquet, played in a style of chirpy impertinence, fails even to be an interesting cad, and thus forfeits his last precarious chance of winning a little of the sympathy that his creators have designed him to catch.

This all comes out amusingly in the last Act. Beatrice, broken at last, has gone up to the Savoy to wait her Sultan's pleasure. Sir Nevil arrives with the worthy, tedious old Dean, and, on the Frenchman's arrival, explains that he will have no more foolery. He takes his own jilting, it seems to us, with admirable dignity, but he has a dislike (which he disguises, improbably, in theological language) for the idea of Beatrice becoming Le Briquet's kept woman. Either therefore Le Briquet will at once leave the hotel or he will kill him. He pulls out a gun, and the hero quickly produces his special marriage licence. As Beatrice has not the spirit to smack Le Briquet's face, Sir Nevil presumably has the consolation of retiring to his club and to his *Morning Post* with the conviction that he is well out of it.

A certain literary flavour in parts of the dialogue, suggesting Mr. Rudolf Besier's contributions, hardly enables us to swallow this fable with any gratification to our palate. As Beatrice Miss Emily Brooke was charming in the prudery scenes, but if she ever fell at all it was into a very tepid bath of passion. Mr. Gilbert Hare made Dean Carey a charming old man, but not a charming old clergyman. Whence this craze for putting clergymen on the stage, since neither authors, actors nor audience appear to have the least conception of the clerical mind, character or mannerisms?

THE PLAYHOUSE.—"Wedding Bells." By Salisbury Field. Now that the theatrical will with its entangling provisions has passed out of fashion, the divorce laws of America with their equally effective power of creating complications supply a felt want. They have given Mr. Salisbury Field an opening for a polished and on the whole witty three-act comedy about a young gentleman of New York who married in a hurry, was divorced in a greater hurry, and made it up with his first wife on the very eve of acquiring a second. Those who enjoy watching the philandering of elegantly-dressed puppets in a setting of great wealth will find in Mr. Field's work all the "legitimate" features of this style of play, including of course the stately valet whose Don Juanesque private life contrasts so piquantly with the spotlessness of his shirt-front. For our own part we felt that a great deal was lost by Miss Gladys Cooper's non-suitability to the rôle of the returning wife. Mr. Owen Nares was his own languid, rather inaudible and indefinitely tender and charming self as the harassed husband; Mr. John Deverell pleased everybody by the polished inanity with which he endowed "Charles, his friend"; Miss Alice Moffatt was deliciously kittenish (with claws of course) as the rejected bride; and Mr. Claude Allister carried off a difficult bit of caricature as a moaning society poet triumphantly.

Correspondence

THE EISTEDDFOD AS A MEANS OF CIVILIZATION

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I take advantage of the general praise of the Eisteddfod as a Welsh institution to suggest that we need something of the sort in Great Britain? It might be possible—in which case it would not be ungraceful—to borrow the type of these festivals as some sort of testimony to the admiration all must feel for the remarkable powers of endurance shown by the Prime Minister. Such an annual festival might be the occasion for gathering a simple yet noble national lore, which all British people should be expected to share in, and for bringing about the establishment of "Folk Schools" in our country.

Why should we not aim at transforming the August Bank Holiday as it is into a Pan-Britannic festival of games and arts as it might be? The provision of the "holidays" without any organization for their beneficial use was a very mixed blessing—possibly a nearly unmixt curse. Were they really instituted in the interest of the brewers?

Yours faithfully,

W. R. LETHABY.

111, Inverness Terrace, W.,
August 27, 1920.

A DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMAN

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In your issue of August 27 under the heading "A Hundred Years Ago" mention is made of William Habberfield, otherwise known as "Slender Billy." This distinguished sportsman has a far greater assurance of immortality than Pierce Egan could have given him. For "Slender Billy" has been rescued from devouring time by a certain visit paid to his establishment one winter's evening by three gentlemen named John Jorrocks, Bill Bowker and Charlie Stobbs. None of them was particularly squeamish, but the place seems to have startled even them.

What a scene presented itself! From the centre of the unceiled, hugely-rafted roof of a spacious building, hung an iron hoop, stuck round with various lengths of tallow candles, lighting an oval pit, in which two savage bulldogs were rolling and tearing each other about, under the auspices of their coatless masters, who stood at either end applauding their exertions . . .

Ponderous draymen, in coloured plush breeches, with their enormous calves clad in dirty white cotton stockings, sat with their red-capped heads resting on their hands, or uproariously applauding as their favourite got the turn. Smithfield drovers, with their badges and knotty clubs; huge coated hackney coachmen; coatless butchers' boys; dingy dustmen with their great sou'westers; sailors, with their pipes; and Jews, with oranges, were mingled with Cyprians of the lowest order, dissolute boys, swell pickpockets, and a few simple countrymen. At the far end of the loft, a partition concealed from view bears, badgers, and innumerable bulldogs; while "gentlemen of the fancy" sat with the great round heads and glaring eyeballs of others between their knees, straining for their turn in the pit. The yells and screams of the spectators, the baying of the dogs, the growling of the bears, the worrying of the combatants, and the appearance of the company, caused a shudder to run through the frames of Mr. Jorrocks and the Yorkshireman.

After several dog-fights, Billy's accomplished daughter lugged in a bear, which Billy fastened by his chain to a ring in the centre of the pit.

"Any gentleman," said he, looking round, "may have a run at this ere animal for sixpence"; but though many dogs struggled to get at him, they almost all turned tail on finding themselves solus with Bruin. Those that did seize him were speedily disposed of, and, the company being satisfied, the bear took his departure, and Billy announced the badger as the next performer.

Slender Billy's boy, a lad of nine years old, had the first run at him, and brought the badger out in his mouth, after which it was drawn by terriers at so much a run.

It would be interesting to know whether Surtees himself visited this place, or whether he took the scene from Mr. Egan's "Sporting Anecdotes" and worked it up in his own inimitable fashion. From what we know of him he was more likely to go to life than to books for such an incident.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CYRIL FALLS.

August 30, 1920.

EARS OR EYES?

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—A remark in your "Literary Gossip" for August 27 about a possible contest between gramophone and printed book, and about writing for the eye instead of the ear, receives interesting comment from a short article in the September *Cornhill Magazine* entitled "The Reading Eye," the author of which affirms the superiority of eye over ear even in the reading of verse. He names three ways of enjoying verse, by reading, hearing, or thinking. Of these he unhesitatingly prefers the first, which gives "a visual image of the printed words." Listening means an attempt to interpret by using "an imperfect instrument"; thinking is spoiled by the effort to remember, however slight.

My own feeling is curiously different. To me, the only way to enjoy verse is to read it aloud, and silent reading is an attempt to conjure up the sounds which should be heard. I gather that his first and third ways imply reading in silence, and that perhaps even his second way means hearing another person read. To me this is all strange. Take his well-chosen example: Milton's phrase about hearing Shakespeare "Warble his native wood-notes wild." He says that only sight lets us appreciate the dainty alliteration of W N W N W. I should have said that silent perusal vainly seeks to reproduce emotions stirred by hearing these sounds. He and I are both referring to verse that is already familiar; when reading a new poem, sight and hearing had better both be used.

We must not be one-sided, and I willingly admit that there are cases where sight is indispensable. It is poor work listening to Artemus Ward read aloud, or Thackeray's "Jeames," or even "The Little Visitors." Where misspelling is concerned, sight is necessary. But, to show how widely we differ, I should say that even in his other good example from Keats's most famous line, the spelling "faery" appeals to me only as suggesting the delicate trisyllabic effect of the word as pronounced—*fa-e-ry*, not *fa-ry*—and that if pronounced in the latter way the spelling would be meaningless to me.

Perhaps the moral is that we can't all be alike.

Yours faithfully,

T. S. OMOND.

ROCKWELL KENT IN ALASKA

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in the review of Rockwell Kent's "Wilderness, a Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska" (ATHENÆUM, August 6), and, with all respect to yourself, Sir, I think you chose the wrong reviewer. He thought of Blake when he saw Kent's drawings, and not of Alaska, but as a matter of fact the drawings express Alaska and are only incidentally concerned with Blake. Blake's technique is only a medium, just as charcoal is a medium, and the most extraordinary thing about Rockwell Kent's work is that he has depicted Alaska so magnificently and so faithfully by means of so apparently foreign a medium. It is not long since I lived in Alaska myself, with the works of Blake, among other things, for company, and, until I saw Kent's work, I often felt real sorrow at the thought that no artist had ever depicted the place with imagination enough to recreate it for me after I had left it. Its almost overpowering magnificence seemed to preclude the possibility of any artist doing this, and certainly it never occurred to me that Blake's style was the one most suited to the purpose. Then Rockwell Kent came, and Alaska lived again as magnificently as ever in his drawings and paintings, and Blake, extraordinarily enough, was given a new mental setting and took on a new meaning. If you have seen Blake and not Alaska, you may see nothing but imitation Blake in Rockwell Kent; but if you have seen Alaska as well as Blake, then in these drawings you see Alaska's real self, and it scarcely occurs to you to make comparisons between the artists. Either of them can be spoiled by being regarded solely through the eyes of the other.

That is why I think you chose the wrong reviewer. He started by being supercilious about the real subject of Rockwell Kent's work, and went on to criticize it on the ground that it was unlike something it was never intended to be like. Rockwell Kent is a pioneer, but your reviewer did not know enough to realize it.

Yours sincerely,

ARNOLD MARSH.

109, Cregagh Road, Belfast.

ESOTERICISM AND "ART"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have no claim to be considered one of "the knowing ones" who know that "significant form is the thing." Therefore my misgivings about some of Mr. Clive Bell's aperçus in your last week's issue will probably betray a hopelessly old-fashioned mind. Still, I should like to express them.

I do not understand why "it mattered not a straw whether Mr. Epstein's statue, *considered as a work of art*, represented Jesus Christ or John Smith." No doubt this is obvious to Mr. Clive Bell, who, I believe, has an æsthetic theory of his own. But it is a pity that he should assume that things which he has proved to his own satisfaction are proved to everyone else's.

I know very little of pictures; and I should not have presumed to protest against this dogmatism, had Mr. Bell not gone on to tell me that "Ibsen is to a considerable extent the master of Tchekhov *as an artist*," without a word of explanation. It may be true; it may not. It certainly is not obvious that "The Cherry Orchard" shows less mastery of art than, say, "Rosmersholm." But before one could even begin to argue the matter, one would have to agree on the sense in which "art" was being understood.

Perhaps Mr. Bell knows what he means by the word in this context. If he does, he should not keep the secret to himself, merely in order to jibe at "the English Intellectuals" for not paying attention to it. How can they reform if Mr. Bell does not tell them what it is, and tell them in words less ambiguous and question-begging than the empty phrase "significant form"?

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT DE BERNIS.

Southampton, September 4, 1920.

A PROTEST FROM CHINA

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am not sure that you will like the following extract from the chief British paper of the Far East, but part of it belongs to your honourable journal:

Apropos our comment on the amusingly slight and inconsequential references to China by some of the Home writers, an up-country correspondent sends the following note: In Lafcadio Hearn's recently published book—"Some Chinese Ghosts"—a work of paraphrased translation, we find such un-Chinese items as "the bright blue tiles of the curved and serrated roof" of a "country residence not large" wherein was "matting elastically soft as forest moss"; and the misery of a poverty-stricken cottage being "masked with charming paper devices—with dainty decorations created out of nothing by that pretty jugglery of which woman only knows the secret." We also read of some one "smiling as the holy images smile in the twilight of the great pagodas"; at which adjective "holy" every reader who knows the Laughing Buddha will doubtless indulge in a smile. Then—continues our correspondent—in its issue of May 7 that journal of masterly criticism, THE ATHENÆUM, finds space for a short poem entitled "Chinese Pond," wherein appear "a knoll of beeches" and "lacquered panels" of an old temple whose walls are further decorated with "geometricons of mother of pearl and pink shells," where the "knavish robin reconnoitres"; all of which are described by our English-reading Chinese as "outlandish inventions."

I have been an editor of a Chinese journal, and should not accept any poem or writing if it contained such blunders about your honourable land. Is not our China, with its 400 millions, worth studying before writers and poets rush into print about it? Tennyson did not know that a cycle of Cathay was but 60 years.

Perhaps we must wait another cycle before we can hope your honourable countrymen, except those resident among us, taking any pains to know us. But you, Sir, are so careful that authors shall be accurate about every land except China.

With apologies and compliments,

Yours faithfully,

KAO PAO-CH'EN.

Lü Shan, Kiangsi, China,
July 27, 1920.

PROFESSOR JOHN BRETLAND FARMER, of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, has been appointed by an Order of Council dated August 28 to be a member of the Advisory Council to the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

Foreign Literature
DISJECTA MEMBRA

SUPPLEMENTUM LYRICUM (Fragments of Archilochus, Alcæus, Sappho, Corinna, Pindar, Bacchylides). Edited by Dr. Ernst Diehl. (Bonn. Marcus & Weber.)

THAT type of mind which discerns the finger-marks of a designing Providence all over the Universe has on occasion attempted to console us for the loss of over nineteen-twentieths of Greek literature with the assurance that time has merely sifted the good from the inferior: though, indeed, how the best should survive the unnatural selection of Byzantium and the Dark Ages, or Apollonius the Cithian "On Sprains" deserve to outlast most of Sappho, was never apparent. Then Menander was in part recovered. "Disappointing," replied fashionable criticism: not that it mattered: the pleasant surprise of reading Menander himself was all the greater. Some of that pleasure we had hoped to recapture over the resurrections of the "Supplementum Lyricum"; but here, even with the awful example of those Menandrian critics before us, we cannot deny a slight disappointment in our turn.

Allowance must, of course, be made for the enormous difficulty of appreciating fragments so fragmentary. The perpetual blanks well-nigh drive the distracted reader to fill their place with expletives. It is tantalizing as eavesdropping an imperfectly audible conversation. In short, the sands of Egypt have given up their dead in far too damaged a condition for any real Last Judgment. A provisional one is the most we can attempt.

Archilochus is represented by little of general interest save another of his Hymns of Hate, poured out upon some unfortunate with the usual gusto of that wicked old man. Of Alcæus there is more—hardly more amiable, some of it. The well-hated names of Myrsilus and Pittacus recur; but it is with a sudden touch of romance that one sights "Ascalon" in a passage that must have referred to the poet's brother Antimenidas, a free-lance in the service of Nebuchadnezzar—so first clashed Hellene and Hebrew on the future battlefields of Richard Plantagenet. Nothing here, indeed, has quite the charm of some of the earlier-known fragments like

I heard the footstep of the flowerful spring;

but there is a fine Sapphic ode to the Great Twin Brethren, their St. Elmo's fire flickering in the shroud of the ship they mean to save—no unfit emblem of Alcæus himself, stormy and turbulent and passionate, and yet aflame on his headlong course with the divine wildfire of poetry.

Of Corinna there are two passages—in which the malicious male may fancy he detects evident touches of femininity. In one, Mounts Helicon and Cithæron, those two eternal warders of her Theban plain, compete in song; in the other the river Asopus consults Apollo's oracle about his daughter's fate, after which Parnes, Cithæron and Plataea appear to have lifted up their voices and spoken—a perfect orgy of personification which may rejoice those who discover the complete geography of Attica represented in the figures of the Parthenon's West pediment. And this from the woman who told Pindar to sow his mythological details "with the hand and not the whole sack"! Is it, indeed, the same sweet inconsistency as made her who defeated Pindar rebuke Myrtis, her fellow-poetess, for the unwomanliness of trying to do the same?

Of Pindar himself there is, in the pæan of the men of Ceos, a brilliant passage, alive with the eager patriotism of those little states which existed, happy and unhistoried, in the shadow of the greater cities, like that simple peasant of Euripides' "Electra" beneath the bloody and hectic splendours of the Atridæ. "Carthæa, indeed, is but a narrow-breasted motherland, yet I will not change her for

Babylon." Ceos is known in Hellas for her athletes, for her poets; and there grows that boon of life and bane of sorrow, wine. No steeds, indeed, nor pasturing oxen: yet Melampus would not leave his home for the throne of Argos, nor our own Euxantius Ceos to claim a Cretan sceptre. "Let be, my heart, the isle of cypresses, let be the land that fear encompasses. But little is given me, an oaken woodland: yet grief and strife have no part there."

There are pleasant touches elsewhere. The Delphians go to worship Apollo, "as a son that hearkens to his good mother with a loving heart." The poet cries to his old love Ægina, "There in thy glory thou liest, island-queen of thy girdling Dorian sea, bright star of Zeus Hellenius." And inspiration fights its old fight with rationalism: only, as befits Hellas, it is the inspiration of poet, not of priest. "How strife arose in heaven—that the gods indeed can reveal to the wisdom of poets, but mortal men may not discover." The Olympian splendour of the Olympian Odes, where those brave fellows the mixed and motley Metaphors come charging on each other's heels as only a Pindar or a Meredith can handle them, is wanting here: these Pæans and Parthenia have more grace than weight, carved as it were in ivory rather than in gold.

Bacchylides, too, has a quietly humorous drinking-song, on the exuberant optimism of the bibulous; but, after all, most readers will turn first to her whom we have perversely kept till last—to Sappho. If the new fragments do not capture one as completely as the old, still they have all that unmistakable stamp of utter simplicity joined to utter delicacy—like the Nike Temple on the Acropolis.

Some there are say horsemen, or foot embattled,
Or a fleet at sea, is of all things earthly
Fairest: nay, but I say, whate'er the heart's own
Passion desireth.

And there is one wonderful passage, where Arignota, married in Sardis, far from sea-girt Lesbos, though her beauty queens it in the new home, night by night yearns back to the Atthis she has left—"and her heart is bowed with misery, and she cries aloud for us to come straightway; but unmeaning, unheard, the listening night echoes her words across the sea."

There is little width of range behind the bars where beat that wildly fluttering heart: there is less joy, only the pain of parting and of absence, the pangs of Love born and Love dying, of Love remembered and Love forgotten. It is not a matter for sentiment: Sappho doubtless wished only to be herself while she wished to be at all. The world has been perplexed enough what to make of her since: eleventh-century Rome and Byzantium burned what they could find of her: in the twentieth Professor v. Wilamowitz-Moellendorf has established her a character of extreme respectability. It all seems rather futile now. "Surely," as cried Swinburne to Mary Stuart,

Surely you were something better
Than innocent!

F. L. L.

LA RÉSURRECTION DE LA CHAIR. Par Henry Bordeaux. (Paris, Plon-Nourrit. 7fr.)—This is a war novel. Lieutenant André Bermance, wounded in Alsace, falls in love with the beautiful Maria Ritzen. They become engaged. On the eve of André's re-departure for the front he stays till morning in Maria's room. He is killed. From her father and mother Maria guards the secret of this anticipation of a marriage never to take place, but presently it becomes plain to her that the secret must be revealed. She is afraid. She writes to the mother of André, who, at first shocked, eventually sides with Maria against her parents, takes her away, and under the roof of Madame Bermance the child is born. The story is slender, the characters of the two women alone lend it some distinction. But, as a novel, it is hopelessly overloaded with digressions—descriptive and reflective—concerning the war.

A NOVEL FOR SCHAHRIAR

ARIANE, JEUNE FILLE RUSSE. Par Claude Anet. (Paris, La Sirène. 6fr.)

HOW delightful to discover a novel written by an artist who is nothing but an artist! And how rare! I had almost forgotten what such an experience was like. It is, I think, rather like sitting in an Eastern garden, listening to the beautiful voice of Schahrazade. Certainly it is not in the least like attending a lecture by Mr. H. G. Wells. "Ariane, Jeune Fille Russe," may not be a great novel, but it is a good one: it is admirably written, it is composed *en maître*, and from the first page it is absorbing. It is an extraordinary book, and it is extraordinary because Ariane is an extraordinary girl. I don't know that she is particularly Russian, that anything in the story, indeed, apart from its setting, is particularly Russian. Nor has M. Claude Anet in his method been perceptibly influenced by Russian masters. The book, on the contrary, though anything but imitative, bears a strong resemblance to "La Femme et le Pantin," and Pierre Louÿs is assuredly Latin of the Latins. Concha Perez, the heroine of "La Femme et le Pantin," might be Ariane's soul's sister. The Russian girl is simply a more brilliant, a less perverse Concha, who has been brought up in comfort, and has received a University education. And the interest of both books—essentially studies in feminine psychology—consists exclusively in the author's presentation of his chief character. It is a matter of technique, of amazing skill; be quite sure of that. Precisely the same material might have been used to produce an effect dull as rain in November. All this tantalization, this guessing, this feeling of suspense which holds you as a clever detective story might hold you, is created by art. Each chapter throws out a clue, a suggestion sinister or charming, and each chapter renews the mysterious sense of fascination and frustration, so that very soon the reader finds himself exactly in the position of Ariane's or Concha's lover. By this is produced a startling illusion of reality. It is the secret of the book's power. M. Anet, indeed, in the progress of his story, goes rather more behind his heroine, lets us see farther into her mind, than the scheme of Louÿs's novel permitted him to do; but in both tales the dénouement, though convincing, is entirely unexpected.

And here enters an element of doubt. When a story is so much a story as all that; or perhaps, rather, when it is so little else, ending abruptly with the thrill of its final solution—can your pleasure in it be renewed until you have had time to forget it? Maupassant, one of the most enthralling authors to read once, is one of the most difficult to read twice; on the other hand, "L'Éducation Sentimentale" or "The Spoils of Poynton" may be read any number of times, and each re-reading brings with it a deeper and fuller and more subtle enjoyment. It is, doubtless, the difference between good art and great art—a difference which would appear to consist solely in the richness and fineness of the mind behind the work. But in fiction, nowadays, one is thankful for any art at all, and one is thankful to M. Claude Anet. In his creation of Ariane he never strikes a false or a hesitating note. Ariane lives: she is utterly convincing. M. Anet has explored—if he has not invented—every corner of that obscure and wayward soul, with its curious mixture of childishness and sensuality, of intelligence and cruelty, of devotion and perversity. The plucking aside of the last veil will no doubt produce a different effect upon different readers. In Ariane's lover it induced a feeling of bewilderment that presently turned to forgiveness: to me it came as a positive shock. In other words, I found Ariane's peculiar quality of innocence even more disconcerting than her earlier confessions of guilt. F. R.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL WORKS

THE HAPPY STUDENT

A NEW HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN, Part I. By R. B. Mowat. (Oxford University Press.)

HIGHROADS OF HISTORY.—Book XII. SOCIAL HISTORY. By Susan Cunningham. (Nelson.)

HELPS FOR STUDENTS OF HISTORY.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By G. P. Gooch. (S.P.C.K. 8d. net.)

SINCE WATERLOO. By Robert Jones. (Constable. 9s. 6d. net.)

THE historical manual of to-day is an improvement on its predecessor of some thirty or forty years ago, though in manner rather than matter. If we take down Dr. Franck Bright's familiar volumes, or those which Professor York Powell wrote with the assistance of other hands, we perceive that, while sound enough, they fail to give the student much intellectual lift. They are, for one thing, too severely political, and for another they lack illustrations. Wiser in their generation, writers like Mr. Mowat, who pauses at present with the death of Elizabeth, appreciate the value of an apt quotation from a ballad or sermon to minds in the bud, and vivify their narrative by reproducing a specimen of Domesday Book, a plan of Carnarvon Castle or a portrait of Henry VII. As Mr. Mowat aptly remarks, though the facts remain the same, the current views about them vary almost from year to year. Should Magna Carta, for example, be regarded as the palladium of our liberties, or a bit of aristocratic trade unionism, or something between the two? The sensible answer is that though the barons undoubtedly strove for personal privileges, they were not unmindful of the classes below them, since even a villein was not to be deprived of his means of livelihood. The modern spirit regards mediæval men neither as demons nor angels, but as people very like ourselves, only of a different mode of thought.

At the same time this illustrative business can be overdone, and Miss Cunningham's little book tends to run riot on its pictorial side. Goodall's "Raising the Maypole" and other efforts of the Victorian anecdotalists are supplemented by too many coloured plates of children playing hoodman blind and dances like barley broke. It is the old "Merrie England" conception of history, at once so superficial and so false. Little harm is done, perhaps, with young children, who may be left to their illusions. But "highroads" such as Miss Cunningham's need a well-equipped teacher or nursery governess to bring the illustrations into line with the text, more especially as that text happens to be rather discursive. It will be the Pinkertonian duty, besides, to point out that Stonehenge is anterior to the Druids, and that the chapter house at Westminster Abbey is *not* "known now as the Jerusalem Chamber," but a different building altogether.

Mr. Gooch writes for much more advanced students than Miss Cunningham, and a more competent "help" to the French Revolution than his can be with difficulty imagined, particularly in its criticism. He lays an unerring finger on the merits and demerits of Carlyle and Taine, and draws attention to the best French biographies such as M. Madelin's "Fouché." And yet his survey of standard works might have been rounded off with a warning that the student will not get at the heart of things until he has gone on to memoirs of Dumouriez, Louvet and the rest who hoped and suffered.

Dr. Jones's readers would appear to stand in point of age between Miss Cunningham's and Mr. Gooch's. Boys and girls of fourteen to sixteen occupy his eye, and he has packed their mental portmanteau carefully. He has found no room for illustrations, less necessary, no doubt, for the last century than for Mr. Mowat's period. But he has some capital diagrams, and in the corners of his compact arrangement of facts has actually found room for some original remarks, as on the beneficial effect of Russian despotism on Russian literature in shutting it off from the West. All this is to the good. At the same time these manuals must remain manuals, unless competent teachers are at hand to supply the human interest out of their own reading. Mr. Mowat, who touches in character, though he has rather bungled the Earl of Warwick, is less to seek in this respect than Dr. Jones, who tends to aridity after 1870 or so. But, with sympathetic exemplification to help them, the students of to-day have little to grumble about.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

THE NEW WORLD LITERARY SERIES. Sixth Book. (Collins 3s. 3d.)

THE NEW WORLD ENGLISH COURSE. Second Book. (Collins. 1s. 4d.)

NISBET'S ENGLISH CLASS BOOKS. By M. Jones. Book VII. (Nisbet. Paper 8d., cloth 11d.)

THE NEW ERA LITERARY READER. Edited by M. J. O'Mullane. (Dublin, Educational Company of Ireland. 2s. net.)

PASSAGES FOR ENGLISH REPETITION. Selected by Masters at Uppingham School. (Milford 4s. net.)

DR. VICESIMUS KNOX, good easy man, became headmaster of Tunbridge School in 1778. Within the next few years he prepared for the use of his pupils a volume of "Elegant Extracts, or Useful and Entertaining Passages in Prose," and a little later "Elegant Extracts, or Useful and Entertaining Pieces of Poetry, selected for the improvement of Youth." These works were incredibly successful. They were excellent patchwork, chosen from all the eighteenth-century writers and some of their predecessors; and what is more, they were thoroughly interesting. Knox probably had little taste for subtler problems himself, and preferred to represent Shakespeare not by psychological passages but by obvious "beauties."

The art of the literary class-book has not materially developed. Our youth is no longer spent over anthologies of a thousand pages, it is true, and we have the advantage in pictorial allurements—although there were cuts in Fenning's Spelling-Book—but in the main we are given the same sort of prose and poetry. In short, our nurture is "Elegant Extracts, or Useful and Entertaining Pieces . . . selected for the improvement of Youth." How could it be otherwise?

The books before us are in this tradition, though diverging according to their particular assignments. "The New World Literary Series," Sixth Book, is carefully arranged. An excerpt from Cavendish's "Life of Cardinal Wolsey" leads to the Cardinal's Speech in "Henry VIII."; and this again is happily followed and amplified by Wotton's "How happy is he born and taught." We arrive at school one morning to read Kinglake on the Pyramids, and on the Sphinx, and now we have a real chance to understand Hunt's "Nile" sonnet which follows, and which would have perplexed us out of patience had we met it by itself. Well printed, illustrated neither worse nor better than is usual, this is a commendable book. On the debit side, we would complain against the extract on elephant-shooting: not that it is especially murderous of its kind, but that adventures of a more uplifting sort are easy to find in better writers. A sprinkling of light literature—much lighter even than the "Dissertation on Roast Pig"—might improve the selection as a whole.

"The New World English Course," Second Book, is of slightly different composition. Once again the passages are taken from the best and most stable writers, but they are briefer and are considered not as things to enjoy simply, but as things to study rather. To choose at random for an illustration of the method, let us examine a description of Spring, by Leigh Hunt. A rich and lovely picture, itself a feather in the compiler's cap, is given first: then follow an indication, such as Hunt would have liked, of its excellences, and stimulating inquiries arising from the details. There are good biographical and grammatical appendices.

Not dissimilar in design is Messrs. Nisbet's volume, next on our list. The look of the page, perhaps of considerable importance to the beginner, is not quite so engaging, being more closely packed and complicated. Literary selections, followed by exercises, are interspersed with statements of grammatical and other principles, similarly producing exercises. The grading is careful, or this would be too difficult a mixture; but the "entertaining" side of literature is purposely combined with the "useful."

"The New Era Literary Reader" is in the first instance for Irish schools. Mr. O'Mullane observes in his preface, "I have had before me two objects of equal importance: to assist the student in forming his taste for good literature, and to do so by placing at his disposal a Literary Reader that will be pronouncedly Irish in tone." Such candour disarms us, or

we might have wondered how the Rev. T. A. Finlay arrived between Goldsmith and Tennyson. The extracts are annotated.

"Passages for English Repetition" is a good book with a bad name. In point of balance—of 164 pages of verse, but 62 are devoted to all writers including Shakespeare down to 1800—it closely resembles its venerable forefather, "Elegant Extracts."

LATIN SCHOOL-BOOKS

OXFORD JUNIOR LATIN SERIES:—HORACE, SELECT ODES, edited by J. Jackson.—OVID, SELECTIONS, edited by C. E. Freeman.—VIRGIL, ÆNEID, I. and II., edited by J. Jackson; IV., V., and VI., by C. E. Freeman.—LIVY, Book I., by C. E. Freeman; XXII., by John Pyper.

CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR, Books IV. (20-38) and V. edited by R. W. Livingstone and C. E. Freeman.

LATIN POETRY FROM CATULLUS TO CLAUDIAN: AN EASY READER, chosen by C. E. Freeman.

(All Oxford, Clarendon Press.)

WE once knew a lad who, aspiring to qualify as a chemist, attempted to master the intricacies of the Latin language, with a view to getting through his "Prelim." For months he laboured, with indifferent application and no great intelligence. One day he came to his employer with a prescription he had been given to dispense. "What," he asked, with a puzzled expression, "does 'capiat' mean?" "Capiat?" cried the chemist; "why, you had 'capiat' in Cæsar only yesterday." And with a look half hopeful, half incredulous, "What? does it mean the same here as in Cæsar?" demanded the apprentice. Latin, to his view, was not a language; it was a puzzle in which any word might have any meaning its manipulator chose to give it.

The attitude is not uncommon; and it must be confessed that the school-books and schoolmasters of the past generation gave some excuse for it. It was to dispel the idea, in relation to Greek, by showing the manifold capacities of the language, that Wilamowitz brought out his "Griechisches Lesebuch," and the present series should contribute to the same end. It does not, indeed, extend the range of study; only the last book on our list (not one of the "Junior Latin Series") goes much outside the ordinary curriculum, by the inclusion of Claudian, and it has been anticipated, on a bigger scale, by Gillies and Anderson's "Latin Reader" (Bell & Sons, 1908); but it handles the familiar authors in a novel and, in our opinion, more intelligent way. For the wearisome discussions on textual criticism and grammatical minutiae which plagued our own schooldays, and which, however useful to the mature student, the normal schoolboy invariably cut, are substituted notes intended only to elucidate the text, or, more rarely (too rarely indeed), to assist æsthetic appreciation. The introductions, brief though they are, usually contrive to enlist attention by some literary reminiscence or "modern instance"; thus that to the last volume opens with a comparison of Catullus and Shelley, and that on Cæsar's "Gallic War," a model of its kind, sets out excellently the problems Cæsar had to face, and makes him a living human being. The latter volume is novel in another respect, as it alternates translated passages with passages in the original. It is an idea which may prove fruitful in retaining the student's interest, apt to flag among the pitfalls of Latin syntax.

The volumes vary in quality, but all have real merit, and are certainly on the right lines, though they might perhaps, with advantage, indulge yet more than they do in æsthetic criticism; the learner is usually too much occupied in mastering the sense to realize the literary merit of his author, and a hint or two may serve him in good stead. Certainly the series ought to show him that Latin is a real language, once spoken by human beings, and is the vehicle of a literature which will repay the labour of learning to read it.

THE Cambridge University Press have produced an edition of M. André Maurois' "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" (5s. 6d. net) as a school-text. Though the story lends itself admirably to the purpose, and the notes (in French) are good, the editors were ill-advised to call the book "un des classiques de la grande guerre," and its author "tout simplement un des trois ou quatre meilleurs romanciers français d'aujourd'hui."

MUSIC

ELEMENTARY HARMONY. Parts I., II. and III. By C. H. Kitson. (Milford. 3s. 6d. each.)—One always feels a mild thrill of exasperation on opening any text-book of harmonic theory. How on earth, one asks, can any child be expected to remember all these rules and regulations? If his ear is right, he will pick them up unconsciously, even as he picks up the idiom of a language that is spoken all round him; if his ear is defective, it is no use trying to teach him by rote what he should have acquired by instinct.

One should not, however, indulge this righteous indignation too freely. Very few of those who speak the English language could formulate all the rules of English grammar, most of them, probably, are unconscious even that such rules exist; it is none the less desirable that the rules should, from time to time, be codified, and it might not come amiss if some of our literary experts consulted them occasionally before sending in their proofs. So with the harmony books. It is not so much they that are at fault, as the use that is made of them. After the most elementary stage has been passed—the use of triads and their first inversions, and perhaps the commoner diatonic sevenths—the real purpose of the harmony book should be one of reference, and familiarity with harmonic procedure should come by musical reading, just as familiarity with the idiom of a language comes by reading its literature, as soon as we have mastered enough grammar to make a start. Our music teachers realize this too seldom; they see grammar, not as a key to literature, but as something to be stored up and pondered for its own sake. Instead of consulting Sir J. F. Bridge occasionally to see if he throws any light on Beethoven, they turn to Beethoven—if they turn to him at all—in the hope of elucidating Sir J. F. Bridge.

However, it is not Dr. Kitson's fault if the teachers use his book improperly, as they are sure to do. It is quite a sound little book in itself, although some of his rulings are dogmatic in the extreme. That does not matter much; if the student has anything in him he will challenge them as soon as he begins to feel his feet. Dr. Kitson admits in his introduction that the tendency of the book is dogmatic, and explains that this is due to the fact of his having had to write shortly and concisely. From his other writings, however, we suspect that he is in any case no enemy of dogma.

Since writing the above, we have received Part III., dealing with elementary chromatic harmony and the rudiments of accompaniment and variation-writing. It is interesting to find in the preface that Dr. Kitson regards this technique—the harmonic technique in use up to the time of Brahms—as "practically a dead language." Nevertheless, he continues, "there are two valid reasons for still teaching it: (1) The new technique [i.e. Schönberg, Scriabin, Delius, etc.] is not yet sufficiently settled for the formation of any settled theory; (2) students ought to understand the technique of the various periods." Admitting the truth of contentions (1) and (2), we must observe that in taking up this standpoint Dr. Kitson deprives himself of all justification for the dogmatic method he confessedly pursues.

In any work purporting to expound the technique of a school or period the exposition should be supported by examples drawn from that school or period, whereas throughout this book, so far as we can discover, there is not a single musical quotation. Dr. Kitson's method is to formulate a rule and then write a musical phrase or passage to illustrate it, instead of establishing his rules inductively from the compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Berlioz and the rest of them. We all know the absurdity to which the study of pure counterpoint has been reduced by the dogmatic method; can it honestly be said that harmony is in any better case?

THE "Book of the Great Musicians: a Course in Appreciation for Young Readers," by Percy A. Scholes (Milford, 4s. 6d. net), is a mild booklet for the very young, written in an amiably didactic style. It conveys a considerable amount of biographical and technical information in language that is certainly easy to understand; but we doubt whether children who are old enough to take an intelligent interest in music at all will stand being so persistently patted on the head.

GEOGRAPHY

- A NEW GEOGRAPHY OF SCOTLAND. By Marion I. Newbigin. (Herbert Russell. 3s. 6d. net.)
- NISBET'S GEOGRAPHY CLASS-BOOKS.—ENGLAND AND WALES. By J. T. Mulley. (Nisbet. Paper 10d.; limp cl. 1s. 1d.)
- NISBET'S CONCISE GEOGRAPHY.—THE BRITISH ISLES. (Nisbet. 1s. 8d. net.)
- AFRICA. By E. W. Heaton. (Herbert Russell. 1s. 4d. net.)
- A CONCISE HISTORICAL ATLAS. By B. V. Darbishire. (Bell. 2s. net.)
- GEOGRAPHY BY DISCOVERY. By J. Jones. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)
- EDUCATIVE GEOGRAPHY. By John L. Haddon. (Bacon. 1s. net.)

THE teaching of Geography is still in a transition stage, and Dr. Newbigin, who can speak with authority, does well to draw attention to the danger of making children learn by heart the generalizations which now form so large a part of the stock-in-trade of the up-to-date geography teacher before they possess a sufficient knowledge of detail to enable them to generalize with any accuracy. In this way they tend to fall between the stools of the old and the new methods. In his "Geography of Scotland," which is the most solid and important of the books before us, Dr. Newbigin never attempts to generalize except from instances which he has examined from every possible angle. For instance, the thoroughness with which he enters into the origin of the people of Scotland is only equalled by the cautiousness of his conclusions. He is unwilling to believe that the marked differences between Highlanders and Lowlanders are due to any racial differences of origin, ascribing them rather to differences of natural surroundings and social conditions. After a careful examination of the various races which have played their part in the history of Britain, the canny Scot will commit himself to nothing more definite than that "the inhabitants of the British Isles are of very mixed origin." He gives a clear and interesting account of river-capture as exemplified in the Scotch river-systems, and of the industrialization of agriculture in the land. He does not neglect the effect of war conditions, showing, for instance, how the water-power at the head of Loch Leven, which had been used for aluminium working in early days, gave rise to a large munition factory during the war, and discussing the possibilities of a future for Scotch water-power. He has much of interest to tell us about forestry prospects in Scotland. The book is a thoroughly up-to-date and practical manual.

The next three books on our list are typical of the elementary geographical text-books of the day. Their object is to interest as much as to instruct, to make the hard facts as palatable as possible, almost to keep them in the background for fear of being dull, while laying stress on the generalizations that have certainly given geography a new interest and a new meaning. Mr. Mulley strikes us as the best of the trio. His little "England and Wales" reads like a connected story, into which he has skilfully welded his facts, as well as a number of personal reminiscences and other associations calculated to fix a wandering attention. Messrs. Nisbet's "British Isles" covers the subject pretty thoroughly in its 128 pages. Room is even found for useful bibliographies for further reading on the various areas. We are inclined to think that too much space is devoted to holiday resorts. However, one remembers the thrill of coming across the place of one's own holiday adventures in a geography book, and Mr. Haddon tells us that the tactful teacher will turn to this side of geography when the holiday feeling is in the air. Mr. Heaton deals with Africa comprehensively and interestingly in 72 pages on very similar lines.

Though geography has to a great extent fallen under the dominion of science, it still has an imaginative and historical side; and what more delightful way of discovering the world for ourselves can be devised than to follow in the footsteps of those who discovered it for us? Mr. Jones' brief selections from Marco Polo, Columbus and Magellan and the Elizabethan sea-dogs must appeal to any child with imagination, and the dignity of the style of these old sailors cannot fail to impress. But why is Columbus not called a Genoese, when Marco Polo is duly dubbed a Venetian? Mr. Darbishire's Historical Atlas is a marvel of compression and should prove very useful in schools. His maps are of necessity only of the roughest and most general kind, but he deals with almost every aspect of his subject, even including maps of the history of discovery and the expansion of the white races.

"Educative Geography" is a book for teachers. It deals with that practical side of the subject which has made it attractive to a child with a turn for doing things for himself—the actual making of maps and models and kindred matters. Mr. Haddon gives us the results of his own experience in providing the necessary apparatus, which is very simple as a whole.

PHYSICS AND MATHEMATICS

A MANUAL OF PHYSICS. By J. A. Crowther. 4 parts. (Milford. 4s. 6d. net each part.)—Dr. Crowther's little treatise is thoroughly elementary, and is adapted to the use of students who are barely acquainted with the rudiments of mathematics. The first volume, on Mechanics and the Properties of Matter, deals with the notions of velocity and acceleration, Newton's Laws of Motion, the Composition of Forces, and the elementary properties of Machines, Statics and Hydrostatics. The treatment is eminently practical; the chief principles are given and are illustrated and explained with desirable economy. The absence of side-issues makes for clearness, and the frequent experimental illustrations will prevent the student from falling into the common error of learning the whole subject as a memory exercise.

The remaining three volumes, dealing with Heat, Light, Sound and Magnetism and Electricity, have the same excellences. The little volume on Light is particularly well arranged, the sections on Photometry and the Eye as an optical instrument being somewhat novel features in a treatise of this kind.

ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. Part I. By C. V. Durell and G. W. Palmer. (Bell. 4s. 6d.)—COMPLETE ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. By A. Thom. (Glasgow, Gibson & Sons. 4s. 6d.)—The first of these books takes the student as far as Quadratic Equations. Its novel feature is its very gradual, step-by-step development. The passage from Arithmetic to Algebra is often a difficult one for very young students, and the first section of this book, on the use of letters and on generalized arithmetic, is intended to make this passage easier. Anyone who could not grasp the elements of Algebra after reading these pages of examples and explanations would, we think, be a pathological case.

Mr. Thom's treatise covers essentially the same ground, but also takes in Logarithms. Both treatises are well and patiently written, and should serve their purpose admirably.

DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS. By H. T. H. Piaggio. (Bell. 12s.)—Dr. Piaggio has succeeded, within a reasonable compass, in giving a clear and attractive account of the elements of Differential Equations. He begins at the beginning, and concludes with a chapter on Partial Differential Equations of orders higher than the first. The treatment is not excessively theoretical, although, as a concession to rigour, discussions of existence theorems are given. But the book is particularly suited to those students who wish to apply their knowledge. An average acquaintance with algebra, geometry and the calculus will be found sufficient preparation, and, on completing the course here given, the student should be in a position to enter seriously upon the study of mathematical physics. Several of the examples call attention to the physical applications of the theorems given in the text, and we think that Dr. Piaggio has been wise in omitting such examples. Students often gain the impression that they are studying the properties of electricity or heat instead of the properties of a mathematical form if too "concrete" a treatment is given. The historical Introduction and notes constitute another excellent feature of an attractive book.

A FIRST COURSE IN NOMOGRAPHY. By S. Brodetsky. (Bell. 10s.)—Nomography may be described as a coherent method of obtaining graphical solutions of equations. It is a branch of mathematics which has hitherto attracted comparatively little attention, and Dr. Brodetsky's clear and elementary exposition of its principles is very welcome. The method has considerable power, and may be applied to the solution, not only of ordinary algebraic equations, but also to certain transcendental equations of great importance. The method permits constructions of considerable generality, so that, for example, a form such as $x^2 + ax + b = 0$ can be solved on one graph for various values of a and b . The method is well worth mastering by any student of technology who needs to apply general formulæ to numbers of particular cases.

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IT was reported during the war that several American colleges had passed a resolution to the effect that Germans should never again be taught by their patriotic staff. The war was responsible for many foolish things, but we can think of none that approached pure idiocy more closely than this resolution. For the objection cannot be merely to the sound of German words—we, surely, are not required to suppose that the exquisitely musical American ear is tortured by the German *ach* sound—but to the moral turpitude of the wretches who express themselves in that language, the insidiously corrupting influence that emerges from all they write, including, it is to be supposed, treatises on conic sections. We are doubtful, however, whether patriotism ever attained quite so dazzling a radiance in this country, and we already have the Oxford University Press willing to expose science students, at any rate, to this deadly infection. American science, we suppose, will be cultivated in complete independence of German influence, a change which, to those who have read American Ph.D. theses, will appear more than revolutionary. We should like to pursue this topic, to inquire whether America is willing to be exposed to German thought after it has been filtered through, say, an English mind. They will not, of course, read Einstein, but will they read Eddington on Einstein? Or will they read nobody but Edison? In any case the two books under review will circulate, of course, only in this country.

As a matter of fact, we have never been able quite to make up our minds about this German for Science Students idea. Surely all that is peculiar about scientific German is the vocabulary? One would think that a science student who wants (as he will want) to read German science, should be told to learn German, and then, when he comes across words like *Wasserstoff* and *Kohlendioxid*, to look them up in a dictionary. We can see, however, that the really economical student, who wishes to read nothing in German except science, would probably learn, in that way, an unnecessarily large vocabulary. We doubt, for instance, whether the verb "to love" occurs in technical scientific German. It would be a nuisance to learn so superfluous a word. But it is difficult to say; "to blush," for instance, might well be used of litmus paper. We think that the economical student who stuck to nothing but science readers would come to feel he had been deceived. By the time he had read German scientific periodicals for a couple of years, he would probably find he could read a German newspaper. The really advanced mathematical student is the only one likely to profit extensively by the short cut method. In fact, in a really advanced mathematical memoir he will find the German for "hence" carry him a pretty long way. But we admit that the student who assimilates all the German science readers will be able to read all the innumerable volumes of Winkelmann's "Physik," and be unable to read *Simplicissimus*. It seems a queer ideal. The two volumes under review are as good of their kind as any we have seen.

TECHNICAL WRITING. By T. A. Rickard. (Chapman & Hall. 8s. net.)—"It is a ticklish task to write on writing," says Mr. Rickard, and we may pardonably say, it is still more ticklish to write on writing on writing. Our pen at such a time refuses to take our orders seriously; debates, when we suggest "that," whether "who" is not better, and observes that our education has been neglected. Those obnoxious prepositions! Thank Heaven, where we tumble even the greatest totter. Mr. Rickard even casts his net over Mr. Belloc, who supplies the following quotation: "First, as to the points the bombardment of which from the air one reads of almost daily in the present development of the aerial offensive by the Allies—which, by the way, is proving the increasing superiority of the Allied air navies."

Mr. Rickard is in the first place concerned with engineers and their reports: as he says, he hopes to make the members of his former profession "sit up and take notice." There are many others who could with advantage follow suit. The principles of naturalness, clearness and precision are universal; and Mr. Rickard's exposition is vigorous and broad-minded.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN

THE WAY OF POETRY. Edited by John Drinkwater. Books I-IV. (Collins.)—"I made a rural pen" might well be the motto of Mr. Drinkwater's anthology. The poems that he has chosen are almost all of the country; there is no celebration of progress and domination, of great towns and modern superiority. Where he and his selections guide we may find natural and lasting refreshment; and we do not hesitate to adjudge his work worthy of Sir Philip Sidney's phrase: "full of that taste, we long to go further." We realize through him that poetry may even form character, not only crystallize experience. It is well that he leaves out problematic and, generally, reflective poetry; he is, by means of the poems which he uses, the "Indicator," and not the inquirer or moralist. The pastoral tradition is his particular province, for

In crowded streets flowers never grew,
But many there hath died away.

And "Verse is a breeze 'mid blossoms straying": there will be time enough to find the other world.

In representing the rural muse of England, Mr. Drinkwater has made a wide and friendly survey. How has he missed Coleridge? We do not mean the Coleridge of "Kubla Khan," nor of "Dejection," but of "A Sunset," "Glycine's Song," and "The Knight's Tomb." Crabbe, Thomson, and Bloomfield, though they are nature-poets, scarcely provide the lyrical moments necessary to Mr. Drinkwater's scheme; but where is William Barnes, sweet psalmist of Dorset? We will not proceed with omissions of this sort, although it was perhaps a false move to occupy their room with contemporary verses not always of much merit. What really counts is the skilful development of the poetic taste, leading from poems whose music and meaning are plain to those where they are more subtle: from "Little trotty wagtail, he went in the rain," with its straightforward dance, to "But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly." Mr. Drinkwater's brief prefaces are clear and pleasant; the publishers share with him the credit for a series which is admirable in every way.

BLACKIE'S COMPACT ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY. Prepared by Richard John Cunliffe. (Blackie. 2s. net.)—An early memory reveals very vividly this little scene: a boy construing badly, haltingly, coming finally to a full stop; and in the judgment seat, the majestic and picturesque figure of a great headmaster of one of our great public schools prompting him as he hesitates. "Now, what's the right word?—a fine old Anglo-Saxon word. Can't you get it, boy? 'Scope.'" And in the boy's mind has lingered ever since—lingered and grown and wavered and darted up again—an uncomfortable doubt: is "scope" quite so Anglo-Saxon as the great headmaster attested? Mr. Cunliffe's dictionary has solved the problem, confirmed the painful doubt, and shattered a boyish illusion—never, it must be confessed, very solid—about the infallibility of headmasters: "Scope—Greek, *skopos* . . . Bishop, sceptic." What a relief! We were afraid it might have come from, shall we say? O.E. *scop*, or possibly, O.H.G. *skap*.

The moral is that no headmaster should be without a copy of this excellent little dictionary, based throughout on the latest and best etymological authorities, Sir James Murray and the "New English Dictionary" at their head. The arrangement is sensible, the information concisely given. The volume is clearly printed on very decent paper, and the price—2s. net—is surprisingly low.

An admirable example of an elementary English history of the new type is the First Book (to 1485) of the "New World History Series" (Collins, 2s. 9d. net). Miss Eileen Power of Girton has written a simple narrative laying particular stress on the social evolution during the period. There is a generous supply of contemporary illustrations, and a skilful use is made of contemporary poetry. Messrs. Nelson's "New Age History Readers" (Four Books) adopt the different plan of illustration by well-known modern historical pictures, though in the volume "The Greeks of Old" (2s. net) a discreet use is made of vase paintings. One is, however, a little shocked to find the athletes in a running contest modestly wearing bathing slips. Nevertheless, this volume is a praiseworthy attempt to give small children some idea of the Greek view of life.

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